The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

HIDING THE DIRTY WORK

Last week, Attorney General William French Smith issued new guidelines that will restrict the release of documents under the Freedom of Information Act. The Carter Justice Department's policy was to defend agency decisions to withhold documents "only when disclosure is demonstrably harmful." The Reagan Administration's new policy is "to defend all suits," unless there is no legal basis. It is as if a public library said borrowers must sue to get books.

This ruling alone may have little immediate impact—the old guidelines were honored more in the breach than the observance—but it is nevertheless a revealing symbol of the Administration's attitude toward open government. The Administration claims, for example, that it wants to repeal the Clark Amendment—which prohibits covert action in Angola without Congressional approval—"as a matter of principle" and not because it intends to aid rebel leader Jonas Savimbi. But the only principle at stake is public debate and accountability.

The same penchant for secrecy and silence can be seen in the effort to pass a "names of agents" bill that would criminalize the disclosure, by those with "the intent to impair or impede" intelligence activities, of some material derived from public sources by journalists. Similarly, Senator Jeremiah Denton's Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism (which is holding hearings on the bill) has heard testimony that domestic political groups and elements in the press are purveyors of Soviet "disinformation." Such charges, which have been echoed by the Secretary of State and the President, are intended to repress criticism from the left.

Candidate Reagan promised to get government off our backs. President Reagan seems bent on getting government's dirty work out of sight.

KISSINGER, ALLEN, COHN & CO.
Christopher Hitchens

INSIDE ASSAD'S SYRIA
Stanley Reed

THE COMPLEAT ADAM SMITH
John L. Hess

EXCHANGE: McCARTHYISM OF THE LEFT?
Theodore J. Lowi
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GAYS IN FACT AND FICTION
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COMMUNITY-CARE DEBATE

A KEY TO UNLOCK THE ASYLUM?

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

The rights of mentally retarded people to decent and effective care have never received much support from an indifferent society and budget-conscious legislatures. Last month the U.S. Supreme Court tossed out as unconstitutionally vague a patients' "bill of rights" section in the Federal Developmentally Disabled Assistance and Bill of Rights Act of 1975, which provides Federal aid to state mental institutions. Upon pain of losing Federal funding under the act, the State of Pennsylvania had been ordered by a lower court to transfer patients from the Pennhurst State School, where conditions were found to be "abominable," to community-care facilities.

The callousness of the Supreme Court's ruling aside [see editorial, "Retarded Rights," *The Nation*, May 9], the case itself reflected the growing popularity of community-based therapy as an alternative to confinement in large, centralized facilities.

Deinstitutionalization has been called by its supporters a "social revolution" whose aim is to empty state hospitals for the mentally ill, the retarded, the "deviant." All such institutions will be closed down, and their patients reintegrated into the broader community. Institutionalization, once seen as a humane solution to problems of the mentally handicapped, has itself become a problem, they argue. Rather than providing therapy and care that aims at sending a well-equipped individual back into the world, institutions destroy social skills and reinforce the most destructive patterns of behavior. One advocate of deinstitutionalization, Benedict Alper,

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LETTERS.

THE J. P. STEVENS SETTLEMENT

Charlotte, N.C.

Ed McConville's description of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union's (A.C.T.W.U.) settlement agreement with J. P. Stevens ["A Step Forward, Two Steps Back," *The Nation*, March 21] inaccurately refers to a "curious clause" which "allows the company to determine fringe benefits unilaterally." McConville evidently misread the unique provision: If Stevens decides to improve any benefit in its nonunion plants, it must make the same improvement available to the union plants. Nothing prevents the union from negotiating additional fringe benefit improvements in the union plants alone.

Such a provision, a "most favored nation treaty" for organized Stevens workers, is unprecedented in the largely nonunion textile industry. It prevents J. P. Stevens from using a time-tested industry tactic: implementing improvements in nonunion plants shortly before union contract negotiations, to make it appear that the union is only playing "catch-up." Of course, were there no contract negotiations, neither nonunion nor union workers would have received the benefit.

McConville's misunderstanding is broader. A.C.T.W.U. bargained with J. P. Stevens for six and a half years prior to the settlement: in the course of that bargaining numerous wage and fringe benefit improvements were negotiated. In each case, as part of its anti-union strategy, Stevens implemented an identical improvement in its nonunion plants as soon as its final proposal to the union was made. For example, when the union won its election to represent 3,000 Roanoke Rapids Stevens workers in 1974, there was *no* pension program for Stevens workers anywhere. Had the union not won the election and made pensions a bargaining priority there would still be none. Today, all Stevens workers have been given the common pension program which is incorporated into the A.C.T.W.U. contract. It is not in A.C.T.W.U.'s power (or our heart) to deny nonunion workers the wage or benefit improvements which we force textile companies to grant our members.

There is no denying that the company's grant of benefits corporate-wide could be an effective (though expensive) deterrent to unionization. This is a sophisticated corporate tactic, not unique to J. P. Stevens but one it has employed widely. In the last three years, J. P. Stevens has introduced in its nonunion plants imitations of union seniority, job bidding and disciplinary procedures. McConville contends that "the contracts provide little incentive for most mill workers to join the union." In fact, the union's challenge is to show nonunion Stevens workers how their dramatic improvements in wages, benefits and rights can be secured and continued only as the union's bargaining power grows. Signing contracts for ten organized plants is an essential springboard for this challenge. Current high union membership in each of these ten plants (all in "right-to-work" states) indicates that Stevens workers covered by the contracts agree.

McConville's judgment is that the contracts were not worth A.C.T.W.U.'s "giving up" court-ordered organizing advantages such as access of union representatives to nonunion plants. He fails to note that the union only waived use of these rights for a one and a half year period, in return for the contract Stevens vowed it would never sign. A.C.T.W.U. also obtained an unprecedented commitment by Stevens to extend the Roanoke Rapids contract to other Stevens workers who organize their plants during this year and a half period. In April 1982, with the contracts still in place, A.C.T.W.U. will resume use of its court-ordered remedies. In our judgment, looking back over a seventeen-year struggle to get a single contract, this brief waiver is painful, but a small price to pay.

We also ended our J. P. Stevens boycott, "corporate campaign" and some lawsuits. McConville disapproves. But these tactics were never ends in themselves. . . . We did not drop the legal cases which were more than pressure points: litigation which, when successful, will bring bargaining orders and contract protection to six additional Stevens plants (including Milledgeville, Georgia).

Of course, A.C.T.W.U. (and our magnificent supporters) did not get everything we dreamed of in this settlement. Any negotiations involve compromise and any observer has the right to his or her own judgment about which side was "victorious," or who "saved face." This is a period when the labor movement and other progressive forces face massive and resurgent opposition. Two weeks after the Stevens settlement was signed, many Southern textile workers voted for Ronald Reagan and John East. Industrial unions are confronted with numerous plant closings and demands for wage give-backs. In such a climate, we have compelled J. P. Stevens, the symbol of nonunion resistance, to extend first-class union contract protection to 3,000 Southern textile workers. We have just graduated some 300 elected Stevens workers from our shop steward training program. It's a pretty solid step forward, and we intend to build on it.

Richard Rothstein
Stevens Council Director
A.C.T.W.U.

McCONVILLE REPLIES

Durham, N.C.

Richard Rothstein's letter is a masterpiece of Orwellian obfuscation. His use of the phrase "most favored nation treaty" in this context is reminiscent of "protective reaction strike," "pacification" and other recent examples of the misuse to which words can be put. The clause which I "misread" and "inaccurately referred to" provides that *if* Stevens chooses to institute a new or improved corporate-wide benefit, "any legal obligation which the parties may have to bargain and any obligations which the parties may have under any collective bargaining contract to negotiate or to continue to negotiate improvements in such benefits are hereby waived." Most unions prefer to negotiate their own benefits and would not consider themselves anybody's favorite under an agreement which compels them to accept whatever a company chooses to offer.

There is no question that the union's efforts on a number of fronts have led wary employers to raise the wage levels of all Southern textile workers to an extent. But that is a far cry from organizing them.

The contracts are an inspiring victory for the 3,000 Stevens workers covered under them. But it would be the sheerest wishful thinking to suppose that the settlement is any sort of springboard to larger organizing victories at Stevens or other textile companies. The A.C.T.W.U. has not only never demonstrated any real capacity to organize Southern mill workers in the past, it seems to be in no hurry to capitalize on its Stevens settlement now. The union has allowed more than one-third of the "unprecedented" one and a half year contract portability period referred to by Rothstein to slip by without petitioning for a representation election at any of the company's seventy unorganized plants. The Teamsters, however, have scheduled a May 14 election for the right to represent mechanics and other maintenance workers at Stevens's strategic Greensboro, North Carolina, truck terminal. The Teamsters have scored some quiet victories in the textile-apparel industry in the past two years, and many mill workers see the union's muscular image as the answer to A.C.T.W.U.'s ineffectiveness.

There are answers to Rothstein's other misleading arguments, but the settlement will not be scored on debaters' points. Its worth will become apparent when it expires in April 1983, twenty years after the old Textile Workers Union of America and the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Industrial Union Department started the Stevens campaign. If the A.C.T.W.U. has failed to organize additional Stevens workers by that time, the locals in Roanoke Rapids and elsewhere will almost certainly become, like their brethren at Cone Mills and other companies, isolated and unable to negotiate effective contracts in the future. If, on the other hand, the union has organized as much as one-third of the company's production work force by then, I will humbly (and happily) buy Rothstein or his successor a year's subscription to *The Nation*.

Ed McConville

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EDITORIALS.

Guatemala Next?

In the fertile soil of Central America the harvest of U.S. global anti-Communism is already being reaped. The crop is bountiful—the dead in abandoned cemeteries and roadside ditches. Guatemala is now joining El Salvador in the death race. The rate in El Salvador has long been around 1,000 bodies a month, and Guatemala is rapidly approaching that near-genocidal figure.

Here is the way Reagan & Co. is formulating the problem in Guatemala: "It is hard for any small country to withstand a major assault with assistance from one superpower and its friends [read U.S.S.R. and Cuba] without help from another superpower [read U.S.A.]." So said the Acting (*pace* Senator Jesse Helms) Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, John Bushnell, to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in the first week of May 1981. In the House, on the withering other hand, the timid Democratic majority was just able to make more military aid to El Salvador conditional on limiting the "indiscriminate torture and murder" it dares to acknowledge.

Mario Sandoval Alarcón, the leading candidate to succeed Guatemala's brutal President Fernando Romero Lucas García, has said that the Catholic Church in his country "favors and stimulates Communism." On that astonishingly bold lie is based the slaughter of six priests and dozens of Church workers in the past year, along with such persecution of Catholics that the Roman Catholic Church has had to "close the diocese" of Quiché, where 1,500,000 people live in the Guatemalan highlands.

There is a dreadful frivolity in the Reagan policy toward Latin America. Our government is using those oppressed millions as counters in a game in which the people of neither country have a stake. Superpower confrontationalism is the name of that game, and those who die in it are numbered in the tens of thousands.

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Mormons and MX

"This is the place," said Brigham Young upon entering Utah Territory in 1847 at the head of a band of Mormons fleeing persecution in Illinois. "This is *not* the place," was the pith of the Mormon Church's statement opposing MX missiles in the state. The edict by church President Spencer W. Kimball and two counselors was laudable in its condemnation of planting "a mammoth weapons system potentially capable of destroying much of civilization" in the desert the Mormons made bloom.

What troubled us about the church's pronouncement, however, was that it seemed to imply that the MX, or a similar system, was all right somewhere else. Our uneasiness rises out of the urging by Kimball et al. that the government seek "viable alternatives which will secure at an earlier date and with fewer hazards the protection from possible enemy aggression which is our common concern." This clause in the otherwise praiseworthy dissent to the MX smacks of the "not in *our* backyard" argument of some Utahans and Nevadans. The church seemed to emphasize a parochial concern: it was "ironic" that the Mormons' promised land be used for such a purpose, it said, because the church regards it as a "base from which to carry the gospel of peace to the peoples of the world." What is ironic, however, is giving that "gospel of peace" a territorial limitation.

The Mormons have influence in the highest councils of the Reagan Administration, and the MX issue would have been a golden opportunity to make a blanket moral indictment of the nuclear arms race. In commenting on the church's MX policy, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger was quick to seize on its limited connotations. "I think we are all agreed that we do need the missile," he told the American Newspapers Publishing Association on May 5. "The question is where do we put it?" The question is, "*Should* we put it?" On this, the most urgent question of our time, the Mormon elders offered equivocal guidance.

Deport the S.W.P.

The Commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service states that "good reason exists to believe that the Socialist Workers Party of the United States is an organization that advocates economic, international and governmental doctrines of world communism, and that as a result of this determination, the I.N.S. is presently reviewing the nature of the S.W.P. to determine whether its members or affiliates are excludable or deportable. . . ." Thus, noncitizen Socialist Workers Party members could be subject to investigation and deportation for no reason other than a professed allegiance to the doctrines of the organization. The I.N.S. is apparently unfazed by the fact that this kind of severe punishment for belief and association is precisely what the First Amendment was designed to prohibit. .

The pattern is a familiar one. The worst periods of domestic repression in this country, whether the Red Scare of the 1920s or the era of McCarthyism, have always been heralded by increased governmental concern about "subversive" foreigners among us. Once again, an attack on the free-speech rights of aliens may be the precursor of a much broader governmental assault on dissent generally.

The I.N.S. action is all the more troubling in that it was announced during the trial of the S.W.P.'s $40 million lawsuit against the government (about which we will have more to say in coming weeks) now proceeding in Federal District Court in Manhattan. The I.N.S.'s sudden discovery that the Socialist Workers Party is a threat to national security must be seen for what it is: a dangerous and cynical attempt to justify forty years of illegal harassment and surveillance of a lawful political organization.

Equal Protection

The Kennedy-Rodino Handgun Crime Control Bill (S. 974 in the Senate, H.R. 3200 in the House) is the only piece of anti-gun legislation that has any chance of getting serious attention from Congress, and even its chances look slim. In most respects it is an intelligent bill. It requires mandatory jail terms for anyone using a handgun in a felony (two years for first offense, five years for subsequent offenses). Anyone caught carrying a handgun without a permit would automatically get socked into jail for a year. A twenty-one-day waiting period is required for handgun purchases, during which time the buyer would be checked out by local police and the Federal Bureau of Investigation for a criminal record.

Two features of the proposed legislation miss the mark, however. Senator Edward Kennedy and Representative Peter Rodino's bill would "limit" the number of handguns a person could buy to two a year. That's a limit? A poll commissioned a couple of years ago by the National Rifle Association found that 28.8 million people buy guns for hunting, 7.5 million for target shooting, 2.4 million for collections and 18 million for self-protection—a total of 56 million gun owners. It is reasonable to assume that if the Kennedy-Rodino bill were enacted, at least a tenth of those gun owners, fearing even stiffer laws to come, would take advantage of the two-a-year provision. That would mean a sale of more than 11 million handguns—not exactly an improvement over the 2 million that are now sold annually.

Another flaw in the Kennedy-Rodino bill is its ban on the manufacture and sale of "Saturday Night Specials." The gun used in the attempted assassination of President Reagan —a .22-caliber RG14, which retails for $47.50, and is assembled in Miami by the Roehm Company with parts imported from Germany—falls into this category. The .22-caliber Iver Johnson used by Sirhan Sirhan to kill Robert Kennedy would also have qualified as a Saturday Night Special. These are the cut-rate handguns, not so sturdy nor nearly so accurate as the .22-caliber Smith & Wesson or Colt. Saturday Night Specials often misfire, and unlike

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the S&W and the Colt, which will take rough treatment for generations, they are relatively flimsy. Drop one a few times, and it will likely fall apart.

After the Reagan shooting, *The Washington Post* quoted a "gun expert" as complaining of the RG14, "It's this kind of gun that gives all guns a bad name. It's really a piece of trash." Senator Kennedy has, from time to time, made the same kind of disparaging remarks about Saturday Night Specials. Apparently, Americans should be allowed to buy only the more expensive, more accurate, longer-lasting handguns—guns that are more efficient at hitting their targets and that last for years.

When John Hinckley Jr. made his assault outside the Hilton Hotel, all six shots he fired in rapid succession were grouped along an imaginary straight line between Hinckley and President Reagan—a line interrupted by figures representing James Brady, the White House press secretary; Police Officer Thomas Delahanty; and Secret Service agent Timothy McCarthy. Four of the six bullets hit people. More than one of the bullets might have hit Reagan had not other human flesh intervened.

For fast firing, that is very accurate. The RG14 certainly performed well enough to improve the Saturday Night Special's reputation. But if Hinckley had used a Smith & Wesson or Colt, he might have been able to group his shots even more tightly and his chances of hitting his Presidential target with more than one bullet would have been greater. Thus, the use of more accurate handguns by would-be assassins could be an unintended consequence of the Kennedy-Rodino bill. Those who focus upon the obvious evils of Saturday Night Specials are avoiding the true lesson to be learned from the assassination attempt: all handguns are equally concealable and equally deadly.

It is argued that since Saturday Night Specials are less expensive, they are more accessible to potential assassins. Money seems to have been a minor concern with Hinckley at least, and it seems unlikely that any assassin who can raise the $47.50 that Hinckley paid would be unable to scrape together the additional fifty or sixty bucks needed to buy a pistol produced by a major manufacturer. A recent Police Foundation report indicated that the gun most frequently used in urban crimes is the expensive Smith & Wesson, followed by the similarly priced Colt revolver: most criminals seem willing to pay what the market demands. In short, prohibiting Saturday Night Specials will probably not significantly deter the criminal or assassin who wishes to buy a handgun.

Indeed, a ban on the Saturday Night Specials would probably only benefit the National Rifle Association. For one thing, the market for Saturday Night Specials would inevitably be absorbed by Smith & Wesson and Colt, who advertise heavily in N.R.A. publications. For another, if legislation directed only at cheap pistols proved ineffective in reducing crime, as seems likely, the gun lobby would be handed "proof" that gun laws don't work.

It would be far more sensible to lump all handguns together, and regulate sales or manufacturing without regard to price or quality. No logical argument can be made for leaving the upper-class gun in commerce while outlawing the lower-class gun. In terms of ability to kill, all handguns are created equal.

Citizens Party

The Citizens Party is not yet ready to become a footnote to history. Although its Presidential candidate, environmentalist-author Barry Commoner, received only about 250,000 votes, many fewer than hoped for, the party not only survived the campaign but, in a number of states, has grown substantially since. Indeed, the Citizens Party elected its first candidate to public office on March 3—Terry Bouricius, to the Burlington, Vermont, Board of Aldermen.

The Citizens Party received only three-tenths of 1 percent of the national vote in the 1980 election. But that was no insignificant accomplishment given John Anderson's competition and the decision of many liberals to cast a "stop-Reagan" vote for Jimmy Carter. Also, the first faint stirrings of the party did not begin until August 1979, scarcely a year before the election. The first national convention was not until April 1980, *after* the filing date in a number of states. Despite often prohibitive requirements, the party got on the ballot in twenty-nine states and the District of Columbia, and was compelled to wage a nationwide campaign while it was still in its birth throes. It had very little money (its national media budget was $5,429) and virtually no national press coverage.

The party's first convention was riven by factional struggles. Some of this involved personalities, but there was also a lively dispute between those favoring a grass-roots, building-block approach and those advocating a national campaign. Looking back, most of those who were lukewarm to, or even opposed to, a national campaign recognize that the Citizens Party would not now exist as a national organization if Barry Commoner and LaDonna Harris had not taken the party's anticorporate message to 123 cities in thirty states. Nevertheless, the emphasis in the next three years will be on grass-roots growth.

Even this received its impetus from the 1980 campaign. In Vermont, for instance, Robin Floyd, Citizens Party candidate for Congress, received 13 percent of the vote statewide and 24 percent in Burlington, the state's largest city. That encouraged the Citizens Party to run candidates for three of the six aldermanic seats up this year. Terry Bouricius won with 52 percent, Greg Guma finished second with 40 percent in his race and Gary DeCarolis got 25 percent in a four-person race. The latter two are confident they will win next year. However, a lot depends on the success of Bernie Sanders, an avowed socialist who was elected mayor, defeating the incumbent Democrat by 22 votes. Although Sanders ran as an independent, he was supported by members of the Citizens Party.

In New York City a vigorous Citizens Party is active in the anti-Koch coalition and expects to run its own candidates for at-large City Council seats in Manhattan and, possibly,

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Brooklyn and the Bronx. Upstate, in a number of cities, the party is planning local races.

A quick, gazetteer rundown on party activity nationwide: *Los Angeles.* Jim Stanberry of the Citizens Party ran third in a twelve-person race for City Council. *San Francisco.* The party is very active in the Bay Area. *Portland, Oregon.* The chapter has grown from 100 to 300 members. Commoner got up to 20 percent of the vote in some precincts. Candidates in nonpartisan local races are now soliciting Citizens Party support. *Iowa City.* Twenty members joined the day after the election and the Citizens Party will be running in City Council races there and in Davenport. *Rural Virginia.* Commoner ran ahead of Anderson in several counties, and two new chapters sprang up simultaneously after the election. *Indiana.* The party is now active in eleven cities. *Missouri.* A dozen legislative races are planned for next year after party candidates achieved continuing ballot status in four counties after getting 10 to 15 percent of the vote. *Columbia, Missouri.* This spring a Citizens Party candidate for City Council, Harriet Sallach, ran second in a four-way race with 26 percent of the vote. *New Jersey.* The party is running a candidate for mayor of New Brunswick. *Pennsylvania.* The Consumers Party (an existing progressive group that is the Citizens Party arm there) missed by only 40 votes the 50,000 required for statewide offices to attain continuing ballot status. In Philadelphia, the Congressional candidate, Max Weiner, got 10 percent of the vote and the endorsement of the three major newspapers.

When the Citizens Party national committee met in Cincinnati in February, twenty-four states (including D.C.) were represented by more than 100 members. Some active states did not attend because of the expense. Although there were a couple of exceptions, state after state gave optimistic reports about the immediate future. Several states even have paid staff.

The Citizens Party is not now a political force but there is genuine confidence in its ranks because of the Democratic Party's present bankruptcy as an instrument of progressive and humane government. As the Democrats continue to demonstrate their incapacity, and even their unwillingness, to defend effectively their progressive achievements of the past, the Citizens Party expects to be the political magnet that will attract the disaffected, including those who have found no reason to vote in recent years. This has already begun to happen. The first few halting steps have been taken on a long and difficult road. Maybe—and who can be confident facing such odds?—the Citizens Party will fail and indeed become another footnote to history. But not yet.

RICHARD J. WALTON

Richard J. Walton, a member of the Citizens Party national committee, is the author of a book about the 1948 Progressive Party campaign, Henry Wallace, Harry Truman, and the Cold War (*Viking*).

CENTRAL AMERICA WATCH.

Death or exile is the fate of many foreigners and Salvadorans who speak out against government atrocities in El Salvador. Recently, the opposition has broadened to include members of the Salvadoran Army itself. On April 29, Army Capt. Ricardo Alejandro Fiallos told a House subcommittee that he fled his country last December, after receiving anonymous death threats "for criticizing the high military command and the directors of the security forces for their lack of professionalism and for their role in perpetrating atrocities against the civilian population.

"It would be a grievous error," Fiallos told the Congressional panel, "to believe that the forces of the extreme right . . . operate independent of the security forces. The simple truth is that . . . acts of terrorism credited to these squads such as political assassinations, kidnappings and indiscriminate murder are planned by high-ranking military officers and carried out by members of the security forces.

"Whom do I refer to when I say 'high-ranking military command'?" he asked. He went on to identify all the top-level military commanders in El Salvador: Col. Jaime Gutiérrez, Vice President of the junta; Col. José Guillermo García, Minister of Defense; Col. Adolfo Castillo, his vice minister; Col. Rafael Flores Lima, former press secretary for Gen. Carlos Humberto Romero; Col. Reynaldo Lopez Nuila, head of the National Police; Col. Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova, head of the National Guard, and Col. Francisco Moran, head of the Treasury Police.

To back up these charges, Fiallos, a doctor by training, related several experiences while serving at El Salvador's military hospital. He told of treating an out-of-uniform member of the Treasury Police who had been injured while on a mission to "eliminate" a "subversive" schoolteacher. Fiallos claimed that he and his associates treated numerous other patients injured "in the act of eliminating civilians." He added that he attended "at least thirty" former members of the Nicaraguan National Guard who, by their own accounts, were working with the security forces.

Fiallos told *The Nation* that civilians are not the only victims of the security forces. Last year, for example, members of the National Guard in civilian dress entered the San Carlos barracks in San Salvador and killed two enlisted men and a driver. The assassins left behind leftist propaganda and banners, to demonstrate to soldiers who the real enemy was. Later, Defense Minister García threatened witnesses to keep the matter quiet, insisting that military officers "could start killing each other for this" if the news got out.

While calling El Salvador's high-level military command "the gravest threat to the future of El Salvador," Fiallos did not limit his criticism to Salvadoran officers. By providing military aid and training to El Salvador, he said, "the United States will be etched permanently in the minds of my people as a symbol of cruelty and repression . . . this kind of sentiment will be very difficult to reverse in the future due to the amount of suffering which has occurred."

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UNDERSTATEMENTS.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Bad Timing

Have you ever had one of your fantasies come abruptly true? To be specific, have you ever come suddenly face to face with Dr. Henry Kissinger? This experience, which I had rehearsed in my mind a dozen and more times, always with withering dialogue scripted for my own part, actually hit me a few days ago.

I was "deplaning" from New York Air's nonunion cheapo flight to Washington. Just ahead of me was a man marshaling his two small sons. He looked up over my shoulder and pointed, saying the while, "Look—that man used to be a famous man. Used to be Secretary of State." The kids looked blank and indifferent so the citizen shrugged and smiled and said, "Gee, Dr. Kissinger, I guess your fame hasn't spread this far." At which point I turned, and there was the face at my elbow, crinkled into a likable and indulgent smile. Neither of us could move in the gangway for a few seconds. I would never get a better shot. I could not think of a thing to say. The sudden forward motion of the line jerked me out of my shock, however. I took my thumb out of my mouth, turned again and, speaking distinctly through what felt like an armadillo in my throat, I said to the face, "I wish to God I had never heard of you either."

Not bad? Not much good either. Diderot once coined the phrase *esprit de l'escalier*, the haunting afterthought of brilliant things one might have said while leaving. For the rest of that day, I was twisting and moaning with that very *esprit*. Suppose, for instance, I'd seen him boarding the plane. I could have strapped myself in and bored him senseless after a few feints. And how, now, can I face my family in Cyprus? The island, where I live for part of each year, has been literally laid waste by the face and his former friends. The Cypriot Government decreed a holiday when he was removed from office. Every Cypriot dreams like Rocky of going just one round with the good doctor. And like the limp-wrist Brit that I am, I had my chance and I blew it.

Nor did the day improve. I was in Washington to represent all of you at the annual dinner of the White House correspondents' association. This is an event comparable in many ways to the medieval ceremony of the Lord of Misrule. Our forebears set aside one day in the year when lords would wait on servants, where the court jester could tell subversive jokes and where the stripes were generally taken off. Next day would be business as usual, and nobody could meet anybody else's eye.

The Washington Hilton spring prom is an update on this idea. For a whole evening, journalists of independent mind sit and toady the Administration. No back goes unslapped. No crummy gag is denied its meed of applause. No crook or timeserver need fear a second's embarrassment. The evening begins with a Marine guard marching round the room and presenting the colors. It's all boys together (if you except Rita Jenrette, whom I noticed at the next table surrounded by men either too young or too old) and mainly white boys together (if you except Count Basie who did a masterly routine after dinner).

The natural order is inverted all right. The President couldn't come, but he did do a telephone hookup from Camp David to the old hotel he knows so well. This was great stuff, moving easily from wisecracks ("Wherever General Haig is, I have complete confidence in him") to heartstrings ("In a very real sense, Jim Brady is here with us tonight"). Simple, but beautifully done. And Washington's finest just wolfed it down. Then we got George Bush. He's no bloody good at all. Yet still they cheered. He joked about bugging Daniel Schorr and they cheered. He joked about the Trilateral Commission and they roared. Then everybody was given a press award and we broke up for drinks. Which was when I ran into Richard Allen.

For a National Security Adviser, he's astoundingly uncool. The merest hint of an unfriendly question and he snaps and barks. Another English colleague asked him about the recent speech in which he flayed Europe for preferring Red to dead. His response was to abuse my friend as a victim of disinformation, and to tell me to "bug off" when I tried very tentatively to interpose. Since Allen used to work for Salazar's Portugal, and since my companion had exposed Portuguese massacres in Mozambique (and since we *had* all been formally introduced to each other), I tried to mediate by saying that nobody as pro-Portuguese as Mr. Allen could ever be called anti-European. No dice. Told to bug off again. Bugged off to the bar, getting back just in time to hear Allen apologizing (not to me) for his "intemperance." No class.

Old conservative friends now working in the Administration had told me, earlier in the day, that they worry about the kooks who are being signed up on all sides. *They* worry. It only takes one day of accidental encounters with the American right to give anybody a *frisson*. Next time I'm going to have my lines polished.

One final piece of bad timing came a few days later. I attended St. Patrick's Cathedral in order to hear the memorial mass for Senator Joseph McCarthy. He is invariably and boringly described on the left as "the late *and unlamented*" and I wanted to test the truth of this proposition. About a hundred moth-eaten elements turned up, under the auspices of Roy Cohn, to hear Father Vincent Miceli of the Society of Jesus give an eloquent homily on the man so cruelly snatched from us twenty-four years ago. I'm going to report Miceli to the Archdiocese for blasphemy; if he wants to compare McCarthy to St. Athanasius and the Arian heresy that's his affair, but he shouldn't have compared him to the persecuted Galilean. There were minors wandering about and anybody could have been exposed to it. Afterward Cohn (who looks like Nixon without the charm) was getting his flock together. A man, I think a South Korean, came up to me affably and asked if I was coming to Roy's memorial buffet for Joe. I hesitated a crucial second before deciding to keep my original date. I've regretted it ever since.

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ARTICLES.

INSIDE ASSAD'S SYRIA

Little Brother & The Brotherhood

STANLEY REED

The renewed fighting between Syrian forces and Christian militiamen in Lebanon calls to mind an old Syrian saying: "Fire in Beirut means fire in Damascus." Though nominally separate nations, Syria and Lebanon form a single geographic unit and are inextricably bound by dialect, commerce and history. Disturbances in one are always reflected in the other. For this reason, in 1976, President Hafez al-Assad of Syria dispatched some 20,000 troops to impose a Syrian order on civil war-torn Lebanon. The Syrian effort, however, has not been entirely successful; indeed, the chaos in Lebanon spread to Syria.

Since 1979, Assad has had to contend with an armed domestic insurrection which threatened his rule and at one point almost cost him his life. Employing brutal tactics, he has subdued the rebels. But his regime has been weakened and he has lost face. A prolonged, uncontrolled war in Lebanon might encourage his enemies at home and in exile to resume the struggle.

Until recently, Assad's career was a remarkable success story. He was born in 1930 in a backward mountain village of the Alawites, a heterodox and outcast sect of Islam. As an indication of his family's lowly status, his original name was "Wahish," the Arabic for "wild beast." Later, it became the more dignified "Assad" or "lion." Assad overcame the obstacles of his minority origins and poverty to become a chief of state known for his wisdom and caution. Even the American Embassy in Damascus, which regrets his opposition to the Camp David peace accords, praised his regime in a February 4, 1980, dispatch for its internal "political moderation" and its "pragmatism in foreign policy."

In some respects Assad deserved this reputation. At the head of the avowedly secular and progressive Baath Party, he brought nearly a decade of stability to an inherently fractious country. In the quarter-century prior to his seizing power on November 13, 1970, Syria had averaged a *coup d'état* every three years. Whereas his predecessors were buffeted and on occasion deposed by Middle Eastern political turbulence, Assad deftly exploited Syria's pivotal role in the Arab-Israeli dispute and other regional questions so as to bolster his position at home. By the end of 1980, he had attracted a total of about $6 billion in economic aid from such mutually conflicting sources as the United States, the Soviet bloc, Saudi Arabia and Iraq. Assad's government probably makes a profit from the Syrian "peace-keeping" forces in Lebanon because, through the Arab League, Syria is generously compensated for its presence there by the other Arab states.

But in 1979 Assad saw his carefully maintained era of domestic tranquillity shattered. The Moslem Brotherhood, an underground network of militants from Syria's Sunni Moslem majority, went on an extended rampage of almost daily bombings and shootings that left some 500 of Assad's supporters dead. The victims included two of his brothers-in-law, his personal physician and many prominent members of his Alawite community. The bloodiest incident was the June 1979 massacre of some fifty officer cadets, most of them Alawites, at the Aleppo military academy. The dangerous impression grew in Syria that the regime was unable to protect its own adherents.

With his usual caution, Assad restrained the considerable forces at his disposal until March 1980, when merchants in many Syrian cities closed their shops in sympathy with the Moslem Brotherhood. The Syrian Bar and other professional associations abetted the action by calling for an end to the State of Emergency, which had gone into effect when the Baath first took power in 1963. (Officially known as Decree Number 53, this act authorizes preventive detention, military trials for civilians, martial law and other facts of political life under the Baath.) Faced with what threatened to become a general rebellion, Assad unleashed his younger brother and overall security chief, Lieut. Col. Rifaat al-Assad, on the country.

In April, under Rifaat's direction, military units equipped with tanks and cannon invaded and shot up the centers of anti-government activity, the key northern cities of Aleppo and Hama. During two weeks of house-to-house searches, troops and plainclothesmen arrested thousands of persons and marched them off to hastily set up detention centers. A Western journalist saw some of those detained whipped with lengths of electric cable. Aside from apprehending terrorists, the security men sought to make examples of prominent local figures. In Hama they took two doctors from their homes, shot them and mutilated their bodies. In Aleppo a military van drove back and forth in front of the best hotel dragging a knot of dusty bodies at the end of a rope.

On June 27, the militants struck back. A hand grenade landed close by Hafez Assad and exploded. The Syrian authorities have made much of the heroics of a bodyguard who fell on the device, sacrificing his life for his President. But—indicating the pervasiveness of the opposition—diplomats believe that one or more members of the military police actually perpetrated the attack.

In revenge, Rifaat stepped up his campaign. "We know where they are. We shall hunt them down," he vowed on July 2. The regime issued a decree making membership in the Brotherhood a crime punishable by death. Drumhead courts were held in the streets, and anyone unable to clear

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himself of connections to the organization faced summary execution. At the same time, the regime declared, but reportedly did not always honor, a brief amnesty for Moslem Brothers who wished to turn themselves in. According to well-placed Western diplomats, Rifaat's forces had killed at least 1,000 persons by the end of 1980. Syria has not witnessed a crackdown on anything like this scale since World War I.

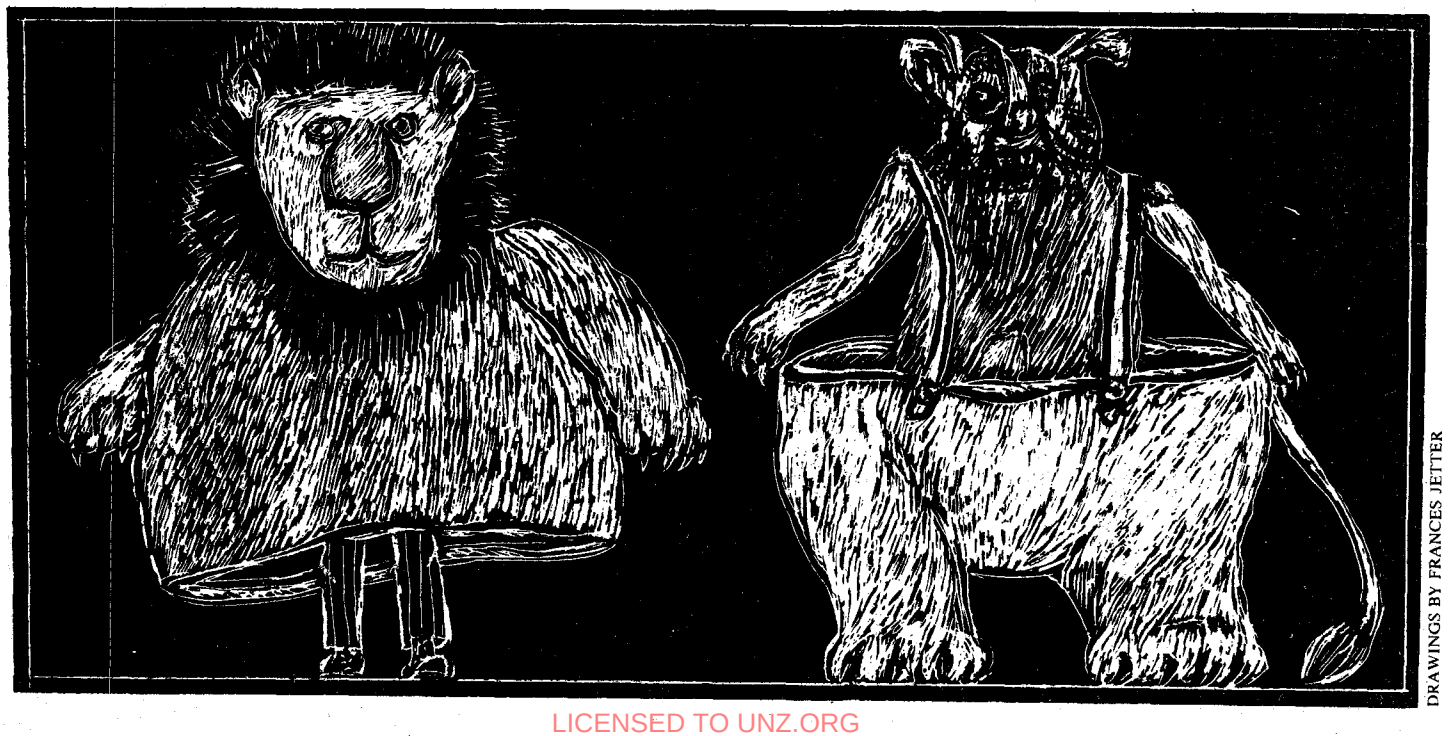
Along with responsibility for suppressing the insurrection, Assad for the first time gave his brother a highly visible public role. Rifaat controlled the delegate selection process for the acrimonious Baath Congress, which was held last winter to assuage discontent and chart the future course of the regime. Rifaat also gained politically from the purges of the Regional Command (Syria's Politburo) and the Cabinet which accompanied these meetings. Over the past year he has broken precedent by making numerous policy statements, usually harsh threats which he quickly translates into action.

Rifaat's new prominence involves considerable risk for Assad. It tends to confirm suspicion that his government is a clannish affair rather than the modern, "scientific" state promised by Baathist doctrine. It brings doubts concerning the legitimacy of the regime out into the open. As commander of the feared Defense Brigades, a 20,000-man, largely Alawite internal security force, Rifaat has long stood in the Syrian mind for the dark side of the regime. Even before the crackdown, the frequent excesses of the secret police, the officially acknowledged rampant corruption and the favoritism that the Sunni Moslem majority believes is shown Assad's Alawite community were all attributed to Rifaat's shadowy influence. Supposedly an advocate of increased socialism in a strong pro-Moscow stance, Rifaat is also reputed to be something of a voluptuary with several wives and mistresses and a finger in many business deals. But prior to last year, Assad always managed to preserve a pragmatic distance between himself and the rumors surrounding his brother. The populace was never sure whether he endorsed or was even fully aware of the extent of Rifaat's activities.

For the moment, Assad's gamble appears to have paid off. Syria is now reported quiet, with only occasional government raids on alleged Moslem Brotherhood hideouts disturbing the peace. The regime has regained confidence. "Syria is now stronger than at any time before," Ahmed Iskandar, the smooth and influential Minister of Information, said recently. But whether the uneasy calm will prevail over the long term remains open to debate. Although Syrian politics have always been turbulent, the leaders of the country have traditionally settled disputes through symbolic displays of force rather than wholesale bloodletting. Spurred by age-old Arab codes of honor, thousands of relatives of those recently killed are doubtless contemplating revenge. More important, while Assad has liquidated many activists, he has also exacerbated the underlying causes of discontent.

U.S. correspondents, having just discovered the power of Islam in Iran, portray Assad as a moderate leader victimized by "extreme Moslem fundamentalists" (*The Washington Post*, October 23, 1980). At best, this view is only partially correct. Communists and disenchanted Baathist factions have also participated in strikes, pamphleteering and other anti-government activities. Even the spearhead of the opposition, the Moslem Brotherhood, may not be precisely what it seems. "It has a religious face, but it is not religious," a merchant told me last April in Damascus.

Many of the small, tightly knit terrorist cells, which in a narrow sense form the Brotherhood, certainly aim to impose an Islamic order on Syria, but the majority of Syrians seem too well educated and worldly to want such a society. Yet the Moslem Brothers enjoy the approval of significant portions of the population. How do we account for this ap-



DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

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parent paradox? The answer is that Syrians find the Brotherhood to be one of the few vehicles available for expressing a wide range of grievances against the regime. Because Assad permits no political dissent, activists have a choice of either supporting a clandestine organization or doing nothing. Moreover, to its adherents the Brotherhood's violent exploits seem an appropriate response to Assad's equally repugnant tactics.

The most important ingredient in the Brotherhood's emotional appeal is the fact that Assad and many of his top aides and military commanders belong to the Alawite sect, which comprises only about 12 percent of the total population. The Alawites are an ambitious, hard-working hill people, who in the main come from Latakia Province in northwest Syria. They practice an arcane religion composed of borrowings from Islam and other creeds that is anathema to the Sunni Moslems who consider themselves the sole guardians of Islamic orthodoxy.

But the present tension between the two sects arises mainly from political rather than religious disagreement. Years of economic exploitation, and occasionally persecution, by their more numerous neighbors have forged the Alawites into a tough, cohesive community, which to a great extent has displaced the old Sunni Moslem elite. Since the 1940s, many Alawites have left the peasant villages and sacred groves of Latakia for the big cities, particularly Damascus. There, under the Baath, despite being generally less educated than the mostly Sunni urban classes, they have taken over a disproportionate number of the best jobs in government and even in the universities. At the same time, most of the ubiquitous gunmen and thugs one encounters on the streets are also said to be Alawites. For some Sunni Moslems the extreme Islamic puritanism of the Brotherhood represents a convenient way of lashing back and a possible path for restoring the former status quo. The main thrust of Brotherhood tracts is the call for a jihad against the Alawite authorities.

In Aleppo, where Assad's enemies are most concentrated, the Brotherhood has clearly served as a means for promoting political causes. Last April a young man from a wealthy family there told me that the Moslem Brothers were "some of the leading doctors, lawyers and merchants" of the city. Aleppo and Damascus have always regarded each other with something akin to the hostility of rival city-states. But under Assad the still-dominant merchant classes have felt especially threatened by the economic encroachment of the Baathist central government as well as its heavy-handed ways of extending its influence. In general they support the Brotherhood as a response to the tactics and policies of the regime, not because they are religious fanatics.

During the Brotherhood-led strike, which paralyzed Aleppo through most of March 1980 and triggered the April invasion, local leaders reportedly demanded of Assad's envoys that the government both cease interference in trade and hold free elections, which would of course dilute Alawite rule. At the same time, a group calling itself the *ulema* (Sunni religious elders) of Aleppo circulated a pamphlet listing the following demands:

(*1*) All future state legislation should conform to Koranic law.
(*2*) All military units should withdraw from Aleppo.
(*3*) The State of Emergency should be lifted.
(*4*) All detainees should be released.
(*5*) All university professors and teachers dismissed for political reasons should be reinstated.
(*6*) All "misleading propaganda" should cease.
(*7*) There should be complete freedom of expression in Syria.

With the exception of the obligatory invocation of the Koran, all of these demands are overtly political. They appear to represent an attempt by religious elements to broaden their movement by attracting other potential opponents of the regime, particularly leftists.

Encouraged by the Moslem Brotherhood's example, Syrian leftists, whom one might expect to be loyal to the nominally leftist Baath, have turned against Assad. Analysts consider some of the assassinations attributed to the Brotherhood to be actually the work of a Communist faction called the Political Bureau. A 1979 pamphlet apparently issued by this group deftly attacks Assad's longstanding practice of blaming the horrific situation inside Syria on both the Moslem Brotherhood and a host of foreign villains. The real reasons for the country's troubles, it says, lie in the conduct of the regime "which rests on two pillars: sectarianism and despotism; dictatorship, terror, plunder and disdain for the law." This statement nicely sums up the widely held opinion in Syria that Assad has brought calamity on the country by betraying the Baathist platform on which he came to power.

The Baath Party was founded in the 1940s by two Sorbonne-educated Syrian schoolteachers. Michel Aflaq, a Christian, and Salah Bitar, a Sunni Moslem, endeavored to devise a modern political doctrine that would enable their fellow Arabs to transcend the sort of religious, regional and class differences which now plague Assad. Aflaq's slogan, "Unity, Freedom and Socialism," became the cornerstone of Baathist ideology.

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In Syria, however, the Baath has served mainly to replace one narrow elite with another. In its formative years the party appealed mainly to ambitious youths from the lower classes, who were, like Hafez Assad, often from minority backgrounds. The Baath's secular, non-Islamic nature and its socialist plank attracted them. Again like Assad, many of these early recruits also entered the officers' corps because it was one of the few professions open to them. In marked contrast, the sons of the old ruling-class Sunni Moslem elite avoided both institutions. By the early 1960s, minority officers, particularly Alawites, had acquired strategic positions in the military. In 1963, when a *coup d'état* brought the first Baathist regime to power, real authority lay in the hands of three Alawite colonels, among them Hafez Assad.

During the subsequent seven years of power struggles, which ended in Assad's bloodless 1970 coup, the Alawite officers packed the military and the party with their relatives and associates. Naturally, many of these new recruits were Alawites. The results were, first, the permanent destruction of the ideological continuity of the Syrian Baath and, second, a distinctively Alawite look for future Syrian regimes. Sunni Moslems contend that during this period their coreligionists were systematically excluded from the officers candidate school, the intelligence services, elite wings of the party and other organs of power. Indeed, the latter stages of the conflict between Assad and his colleagues were played out almost entirely within the Alawite community. Until the emergence of the Moslem Brotherhood, supporters of Assad's deposed Alawite rivals posed the chief threat to his regime.

The Baath's disappointed founders fled the country. Aflaq eventually settled for the purer Baathist air of Baghdad, where he now counsels the Iraqi strongman, Saddam Hussein. Bitar, often mentioned as a successor to Assad, was shot dead last July 21 in Paris following Rifaat's pledge to hunt down the regime's enemies abroad.

Once in sole command, Assad continued the process which brought him to power. He built up the existing intelligence agencies and added new ones to watch the others. He also came to rely increasingly on the Alawite community. By 1977 Alawite officers held some eighteen of the twenty-five Syrian Army commands. In 1980, an extraordinary 55 percent of the national budget went to the military. Official rhetoric has it that such heavy expenditure is necessary for the thus far fruitless confrontation with Israel, but Rifaat's Defense Brigades have taken delivery on 120 late-model Soviet T-72 tanks, the only ones known to be in Syria.

Conversations with Syrian dissidents, as well as the contents of underground pamphlets, point to the pervasive repressive activities of the security forces, symbolized by Rifaat, as the salient opposition issue. The widespread belief that Rifaat and other members of the presidential entourage have become "millionaires" through brokering government contracts runs a close second. Hafez Assad has twice implicitly admitted the existence of extensive corruption. In 1977, he launched a much-ballyhooed investigation of "bribery . . . embezzlement [and] exploitation of office," and in the spring of 1980 he ordered some two dozen high-level public-sector industrialists fired. But in each case the campaign stopped short of the senior regime figures whom the public considers the major culprits. This constant suspicion centering on Rifaat negates whatever political credit his brother might otherwise receive from the generally strong national economic performance and the regime's ample "socialist" subsidies of basic staples.

One might conclude, then, that Assad would do well to rid himself of his brother. But instead he has brought Rifaat even further into the public eye. The narrowness of Assad's power base traps him in a vicious circle. Regardless of his personal attitude toward Baathism there can be no movement toward "freedom" or "unity" because he must have Rifaat and the Defense Brigades to protect the regime from its many enemies. Yet what Rifaat represents—repression, corruption and, above all, Alawite rule—has alienated a great portion of the Syrian politically aware. Though now cowed, much of the Sunni Moslem community, the influential merchant and professional classes and the small but articulate left would delight in Assad's downfall. Aleppo is only quiescent today because of the presence of the Special Forces, an Alawite-commanded unit similar to the Defense Brigades.

In Damascus last April, I heard numerous predictions that Assad would last only a few more months. He now seems much stronger. He has bought time at a great cost in lives and personal prestige. But, perhaps inevitably, he is pursuing the same course that previously landed him in trouble. To supplement Rifaat and the state security arm, he is raising and arming a vast popular militia to deal with terrorists. He in fact denies the very existence of internal political problems in Syria. He insists, without ever producing a shred of substantive evidence, that the Moslem Brothers are agents manipulated by the United States and other foreign devils so as to undermine Syrian opposition to the Camp David accords.

Assad's resumption of hostilities in Lebanon also carries substantial risks. The Phalangists, the most powerful Lebanese Christian militia, have, with Israeli encouragement, taken advantage of Assad's preoccupation with internal problems to fortify and expand their turf. With his domestic opponents subdued, Assad apparently decided that he could afford to oust the Phalangists from positions that pose a threat to Syria's interests in Lebanon. The question is how far the Israelis, who greatly increased their military operations with minimal protests from the United States, will go in inciting and supporting the Phalangists against the Syrians. The downing of two Syrian helicopters by Israeli jets over the Bekaa Valley in Lebanon on April 28 has ominous implications because the valley runs along the Syrian border and contains the main highway link between Beirut and Damascus.

Assad's performance no longer convinces anyone in Syria, but as long as he retains the support of the military and the Alawite community his position will be reasonably

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secure. Before the crackdown these two interlocking groups were dissatisfied on occasion, particularly after the June 1979 Aleppo military academy massacre. Apparently they could hit upon no suitable successor. They may be encouraged to look harder should trouble break out again in Syria or should Assad's forces be humiliated in Lebanon. □

WHAT HE REALLY SAID

The Compleat Adam Smith

JOHN L. HESS

All for ourselves and nothing for other people, seems, in every age of the world, to have been the vile maxim of the masters of mankind.

—*Adam Smith in* Wealth of Nations *(1776)*

One of the great put-ons in this age of hype has been the canonization of a radical humanist philosopher of the Enlightenment as patron saint of the Church of Greed. Adam Smith despised aristocrats, mistrusted capitalists and wept for the laboring poor. Yet as war-makers wave the banner of the Prince of Peace, so the priests of the supply-side flaunt the Smith bible, *Wealth of Nations*, secure in the knowledge that few will read it. This is unfortunate, because the work is rich in lessons for our time, all of them hostile to the program of a triumphant right. Now, it is true that Adam Smith preached the productive genius of small, private enterprise operating in a free market. But where the right today hails greed as a virtue, he saw it as a sort of original sin that made landlords and businessmen the inveterate enemies of the free market:

> People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some contrivance to raise prices.

Like all the great political economists who followed him, Smith held that labor was the source of all value. In his opening lines, he observed that the increase in the wealth of nations seemed everywhere to be the result of the division of labor. But noting that this tended to make work monotonous and stupefying, he urged that the government alleviate the effect by subsidizing art, theater and education. And he reproached those Britons who were always complaining about wages being too high:

> No society can surely be flourishing and happy, of which the far greater part of the members are poor and miserable. It is but equity, besides, that they who food, clothe and lodge the whole body of the people, should have such a share of the produce of their own labour as to be themselves tolerably well fed, clothed, and lodged.

Smith observed with compassion the occasional outbreak of strikes, which were illegal in his day—"and generally end in nothing but the punishment and ruin of the ringleaders." And he added:

> We rarely hear, it has been said, of the combinations of masters, though frequently of those of workmen. But whoever imagines, upon this account, that masters rarely combine, is as ignorant of the world as of the subject. Masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit, but constant and uniform combination, not to raise the wages of labour above their actual price.

Milton Friedman, the television preacher of the supply-side, who sports an Adam Smith necktie, has consecrated the sweatshops of Hong Kong as temples of liberty. Smith, on the other hand, contrasted the starvation of the colonies in Asia with the high wages and prosperity of the American colonies:

> The liberal reward of labour, therefore, as it is the necessary effect, so it is the natural symptom of increasing national wealth. The scanty maintenance of the labouring poor, on the other hand, is the natural symptom that things are at a stand, and their starving condition that they are going fast backwards.

The very keystone of right-wing economic policy is the notion that a high rate of profit is necessary to promote investment (hence, supply of goods), whereas high wages only encourage demand. "In reality," Smith wrote, "high profits tend much more to raise the price of work [that is, goods] than high wages." That is because, he argued, wages are simply added into the cost of goods whereas the rate of profit, entering into each stage of production and marketing, "acts like compound interest." A current example would be the low rate of profit in the Japanese steel industry as compared with that in the U.S. industry, which Smith may have foreseen:

> The rate of profit . . . is naturally low in rich and high in poor countries, and it is always highest in the countries which are going fastest to ruin.

In his day as in ours, businessmen were forever agitating for protection on grounds of patriotism and unfair wage competition. But a merchant, he said, "is not necessarily the citizen of any particular country" and will export his capital and its jobs for even a trifling reason:

> Our merchants and master-manufacturers complain much of the bad effects of high wages in raising the price, and thereby lessening the sale of their goods both at home and abroad. They say nothing concerning the bad effects of high profits. They are silent with regard to the pernicious effects of their own gains. They complain only of those of other people.

Smith reserved his greatest contempt for the landed aristocracy and its defenders, who sustained "the most absurd of all suppositions, the supposition that every successive generation of men have not an equal right to the earth, and to all that it possesses." Of the landowning class he said:

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> As soon as the land of any country has all become private property, the landlords, like all other men, love to reap where they never sowed, and demand a rent even for its natural produce.

He made a distinction between land and movable goods that is rigorously overlooked by his followers. The value of a commodity is measured by the labor in it. Land is different; it is naturally a monopoly, and its rent is "naturally a monopoly price" and "the highest which the tenant can afford to pay." Big landholdings in Europe and Latin America were a blight on production. Hence Smith favored laws that protected tenants against eviction and guaranteed their property rights in improvements; we may speculate that he would favor an extension of rent controls today. He would also, surely, favor land reform in El Salvador. . . . Another distinction made by Smith that would be valuable today is that between productive and unproductive activity:

> The sovereign, for example, with all the officers both of justice and war who serve under him, the whole army and navy, are unproductive labourers.

As a good Scot, Adam deplored waste and prodigality such as characterize the life style and goals of the new crowd in Washington. He pointed out that profits were not only the source of productive investment but also, along with rent, "the principal sources from which unproductive hands derive their subsistence." As noted, he regarded the landed aristocracy as an unproductive class, given to war and vain display. He also considered them to be ignorant and stupid. Thus, he said, although they nominally controlled Parliament, they were easily imposed upon by the superior intelligence and education of the merchant class:

> The interest of the dealers, however, . . . is always in some respects different from, and even opposite to, that of the public. . . . The proposal of any new law or regulation of commerce which comes from this order ought . . . never to be adopted till after having been long and carefully examined, not only with the most scrupulous, but with the most suspicious attention. It comes from an order of men whose interest is never exactly the same with that of the public, who have generally an interest to deceive and even to oppress the public, and who accordingly have, upon many occasions, both deceived and oppressed it.

As for the working class, Smith noted that there was "no order that suffers so cruelly" from economic decline, but it had neither the free time nor the education to understand its own interest. The workman's voice "therefore is little heard and less regarded, except upon some particular occasions, when his clamour is animated, set on, and supported by his employers, not for his, but their own particular purposes." There was a simple test of whose interests labor legislation serves:

> Whenever the legislature attempts to regulate differences between masters and their workmen, its counsellors are always the masters. When the regulation, therefore, is in favour of the workmen, it is always just and equitable; but it is sometimes otherwise when in favour of the masters.

Note then, that Adam Smith was not opposed to regulation in principle. He was indeed suspicious of government, by princes, landlords or businessmen. But in passing he approved of fire safety laws, of public works, of public education and culture, of tenants' rights and, within limits, of laws regulating bank reserves and interest rates. He even, though reluctantly, allowed that there might be justification for the ancient assizes of bread, which regulated the quality and price of the staple where otherwise the guilds of millers and bakers would control it:

> Where there is an exclusive corporation, it may perhaps be proper to regulate the price of the first necessity of life.

The greatest insult to Adam Smith, however, is the effort to enlist him in the wicked campaign to turn the middle class against the poor. Milton and Rose Friedman quote Smith in their book *Free to Choose* ("the uniform, constant, and uninterrupted effort of man to better his condition"), but he has no discernible bearing on their point, which is an attack on the welfare state in Britain. The Friedmans say: "Few of us believe in a moral code that justifies forcing people to give up much of what they produce to finance payments to persons they do not know for purposes they may not approve of. When the law contradicts what most people regard as moral and proper, they will break the law—whether the law is enacted in the name of a noble ideal such as equality or in the naked interest of one group at the expense of another." We have here at the least a defense of tax evasion and at the worst of violence against the welfare state. It is also, surely, a violence against Adam Smith. □

EXCHANGE.

McCarthyism of the Left?

Theodore J. Lowi

Ithaca, N.Y.

The Nation has a long and admirable history of keeping America alert to abuses of power. But is its sense of responsibility now so great and its capacities so limited that it must publish articles based on false information, false premises, McCarthyish innuendo and guilt by association? Given my respect for *The Nation* and for Alan Wolfe, I cannot imagine how either could justify publishing the attack on Jeane Kirkpatrick in "Jeane's Designs," February 7.

In the first place, Lyman Kirkpatrick and Evron Kirkpatrick, Jeane's husband, are not brothers. A quick reference to *Who's Who* would have told you that Lyman was the son of Lyman and Lyde Kirkpatrick, born in Rochester, New York, while Evron was the son of Omer and Lenna Mae Kirkpatrick, born near Raub, Indiana. If you want to make brothers out of them, you have to be prepared to argue that their *Who's Who* biographies were faked in order to hide from all but the most discerning investigators evidence of their relationship.

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On the second point, Operations and Policy Research Inc. was a Central Intelligence Agency front about the same way the old Institute for Pacific Relations was a Russian Communist front. The issue to which Wolfe refers was a revelation in 1967 that one or more pamphlets on government and politics published by that organization were subsidized by the C.I.A. in order to encourage a larger printing and a wider circulation of some rather inane and harmless materials. It was wrong for that organization to have accepted the subvention without revealing the source. But if that organization became a C.I.A. front on that basis, so did the venerable M.I.T. Press and the National Students Association.

Incidentally, when the C.I.A. subvention was revealed, I was one of a very large number of political scientists who screamed and yelled in criticism of it and was chairman of the first public hearing on the whole issue of ethics in the profession, which took place at the annual meeting of the Midwest Political Science Association in Lafayette, Indiana. There is no record of a motion calling upon Evron Kirkpatrick to sever his connections with the C.I.A. nor is there a record of a motion praising his patriotism. There is instead a record of an American Political Science Association (A.P.S.A.) committee being appointed to look into the issue and a report published in *PS* in the winter of 1968. Accepting any such subvention knowingly and without reviewing the source is conduct deserving of criticism—which indeed was showered upon Kirkpatrick at that time. But it is in no way evidence confirming an argument that Kirkpatrick was a secret C.I.A. agent or that the organization in question was a C.I.A. front. McCarthyism of the left.

An even purer case of McCarthyism of the left was Wolfe's use of facts in a manner to suggest guilt or guilt by association. It is a fact that Evron Kirkpatrick supported Hubert Humphrey; and it is a fact that Kirkpatrick moved to Washington the same year as did Senator Humphrey. It is also a fact that Humphrey was then a vociferous anti-Communist. But these facts are placed in such a manner in the paragraph as to appear to be evidence to confirm still further the C.I.A., reactionary, conspiratorial connection. Did all anti-Communists become secret C.I.A. agents? Is this true of Humphrey? Was it true of all of the activists in the American Veterans Committee?

Another set of facts that are utilized in the same McCarthy-like argument has to do with political scientists who go to serve in the government. It begins with the suggestion that Evron Kirkpatrick's entry into the government, following his anti-Communist association with Hubert Humphrey, is all part of his joining up as a secret agent of the C.I.A. This is then drawn over into the opportunism of his wife and the general tendency of political scientists to lust after power. Other than himself and Hans Morgenthau, I don't know what other political scientists Wolfe would be willing to except from his general rule, but I would be happy to provide him with a long list of political scientists who have served in the government so that we could rebuild the A.P.S.A. on the basis of those who can get clearance from Alan Wolfe. As for Hans Morgenthau, I would like to take the liberty of making an observation on the basis of the seven years during the bad old 1960s when we were colleagues and friends at the University of Chicago. I agree with Wolfe that Morgenthau was a man of absolutely incorruptible integrity. I also agree that it was a shame he was never elected president of the A.P.S.A. But his commitment to the truth had nothing to do with the absence of his service in American government or the absence of his desire to be close to people in power. Quite the contrary. Morgenthau had many close associates in the State Department and elsewhere, and he enjoyed very much his association with them and the feeling that he was influential with them. He was never bitter about not having been president of the A.P.S.A., but he was very bitter about being dropped as a regular consultant with the State Department when he began to criticize their Vietnam policies. According to the criterion set down by Wolfe in his article, everything Morgenthau wrote or said prior to the late 1960s must be put under a shadow of great suspicion because he was very close to power, and he enjoyed it.

Are we, on this basis, to believe that Jeane Kirkpatrick is a power-oriented opportunist because she is married to a secret C.I.A. agent and because she was a cold warrior in the 1960s? Are we to believe that she wrote the sort of things she did because she had special knowledge in 1979 that Ronald Reagan would be elected President of the United States and would read her *Commentary* article along the way? I can only believe that Wolfe attacked her character and integrity, as well as that of her husband and his associates, because he felt that a straightforward and honest attack on her writing and her experiences would have been unconvincing. But I do not need or want to question his motives. I only want to denounce the consequences of his action. It is a small drop of poison in American political discourse. It weakens the credibility of a distinguished journal of opinion. And it contributes to the impression that any criticism short of absolute and total annihilation is hypocrisy.

I would think that a public apology to the Kirkpatricks for the false statements ought to be made, soon and prominently. But I don't think an apology will be sufficient for the reprehensible, McCarthy-like use of facts.

Alan Wolfe

Brooklyn, N.Y.

If it were not for the fact that I admire Theodore Lowi's work so much, I would

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not have paid all that much attention to the charges he makes against me. But because I do have the greatest respect for his intelligence and integrity, I read his letter many times. In response, I will admit to one error of fact. But otherwise, I found his charges against me more personal and unwarranted than mine against Jeane Kirkpatrick; I found factual errors in his account more serious than in mine; and, finally, I found his letter so anxious to condemn what I said that it missed the entire thrust of my argument.

I concede that Lyman and Evron are not brothers. I was so informed by one of my sources, but I should have checked it out. I am willing to apologize in public for this mistake, for which I accept total responsibility. His other points of "fact" are matters of interpretation. He does not dispute my contention that Operations and Policy Research Inc. (O.P.R.) was a C.I.A. front; he merely claims that it was a front only to the degree that the Institute for Pacific Relations was a Russian front. Ties between O.P.R. and the C.I.A. were close, and the fact that the materials distributed by O.P.R. were "inane and harmless" is irrelevant. Having studied the record, my conclusion was that Evron Kirkpatrick acted improperly and knowingly to serve a secret agency of government. Furthermore, I contest that a comparison can be made between fronts of the right and fronts of the left. The American Communist Party, except for an underground period, has not been a secret organization for more than a generation, while the C.I.A. has been. Given the latter's intentional need for disinformation and distortion, serving its interests is, in my view, far more a violation of the responsibilities of an academic than serving the interests of the C.P., though both, I think, are reprehensible.

I have no reason to dispute his facts on the C.I.A. situation in the American Political Science Association, except that they in no way contradict my record. Lowi's role in chairing the hearing was admirably carried out, and the written records are as he suggests. But I was involved in the first attempt to censure Evron Kirkpatrick, back in the days when nothing important was ever supposed to happen at an A.P.S.A. business meeting. We—the radicals—did introduce a resolution from the floor calling for a censure of Kirkpatrick. It was defeated. The assembly then, to make up for the slight against its executive director, praised his record. In part because of the emotional and political tone of this unsuccessful outburst from the floor, the association became more formal, and the events that he describes then followed. But there most definitely occurred, before written records became so essential to the A.P.S.A., the events that I describe in my article.

Lowi and Hans Morgenthau were colleagues at Chicago. But when the events described took place, he was my colleague at the City University of New York. I cannot believe Lowi's assertion that Morgenthau was not bitter about never being elected president of the A.P.S.A. He was angry and did many foolish things as a result of his anger. One of the most foolish was running for the presidency of the association on the slate sponsored by the Caucus for a New Political Science, since he did not share the goals of that organization. Morgenthau never forgave the profession for the slight, and justifiably so. The failure to nominate him for the presidency of the A.P.S.A. was extraordinary, given the mediocrities selected. Shall I name some of the latter?

The charges of McCarthyism of the left bewilder me. McCarthy became an ism because he disrupted people's lives, took away their jobs and had the power to make his irresponsible charges stick. Without belaboring the point, I have had, in my own career, two cases where the trustees of state universities refused to approve my appointment because of my politics. That is McCarthyism. I am not guilty, nor do I have the power to be guilty, of any such thing. To call my charges against Jeane Kirkpatrick McCarthyism is to distort the meaning of the term to the point where it loses all relevance. The guilt by association that Lowi cites is in his mind, not in my article. My purpose in writing this article was to make a serious and debatable point, one that he missed entirely, and one, as a result, that he did not debate with me.

As I said in the article, Jeane Kirkpatrick can believe in anything she wants; as a civil libertarian, I have no right to say that she should believe what I want her to believe. My point was that in contrast to others, including Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski, by the way, Kirkpatrick was, in my opinion, aiming for a position of power from the moment she entered the academic world. Therefore, I argued, she should be judged on that basis, not on the standards of academic inquiry and responsibility. She wants to have it both ways. I do not feel that she can make that claim legitimately. If she wants to be judged as an academic, let her be. If she wants to be judged as a policy maker, let her be. But she is using one to avoid the other, and that is unfair.

Once my argument is understood, then Lowi's paragraph about Morgenthau and the State Department makes no sense at all. Of course Morgenthau worked for the State Department and had many friends in power. Would you believe it?—even I have (actually, had) friends in the State Department whose integrity I respect. I have even worked for the government as a consultant—to the National Institute of Education. Lowi must think I am some kind of nut, given the way he has caricatured my argument. I used Morgenthau to show that one can aspire to power, but also to truth, and that when one does, conflicts arise. *My entire point about Kirkpatrick was that there were no conflicts.* She is an opportunist. Morgenthau was not. Lowi is not. I believe that I am not. That makes her different from you and me.

I agree with Lowi that there is poison in our political discourse. Jeane Kirkpatrick is one of those who is responsible for putting it there, for she is mean-spirited, dogmatic and unwilling to consider the truth of the arguments of her antagonists. I find her reprehensible as a scholar, as a policy maker and as a person. If I was harsh on her, and therefore added my own drop of poison, I regret that it was necessary to do so. Personally, I would rather have political debate carried out at the civilized level that Lowi prefers. But we do not live in a time when this is possible. In my opinion, people around the world will die and suffer directly as a result of Jeane Kirkpatrick's ambition. I respect life. For that reason, I attacked her.

In my own not always perfect way, I try to uphold certain standards of truth to power. My aim is always to remind power holders that behind their abstractions are real people whose lives are the ultimate reason for writing and thinking. I do not have Kirkpatrick's ambition to serve power. But I do have a strong ambition to serve that standard of humanism. If in doing so I have of-

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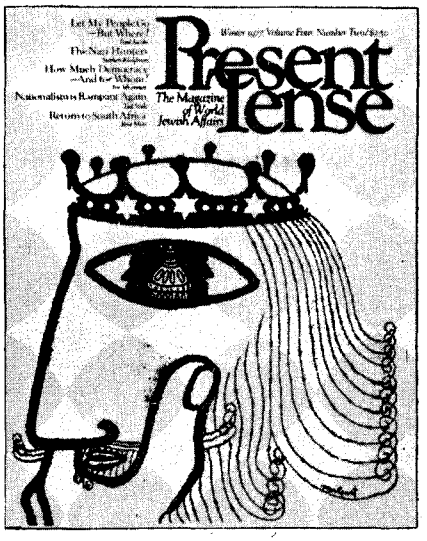

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On Israel's Arab intellectuals: "I am an Israeli but I cannot be a Jew." Naomi Shepherd.

On American foreign policy: "American companies, which for so long we have considered 'our companies,' have in fact become the policing agents of the Arabs' boycott against the U.S." Paul Dickson.

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fended Theodore Lowi, I regret it, but I cannot change my standards. Jeane Kirkpatrick, in my view, represents the worst that America and the political science profession have to offer. She should be criticized for what she is, and I have tried my best to do that.

Rejoinder: Lowi

Ithaca, N.Y.

I did not miss Alan Wolfe's argument. I attacked him for failing to make the argument he set out to make and could, with justification, have made. Wolfe's piece was supposedly on Jeane Kirkpatrick, her single-minded opportunistic campaign for personal power and her wrongheaded notions about how to use it. Yet the first three paragraphs of the article were about three other power-hungry political scientists who served in high office under previous Republican and Democratic administrations and who may or may not have been role models for her. The fourth paragraph mentions Kirkpatrick's quick ascent to the United Nations post (she's 54) but in no way attempts to show how she was associated with the three aforementioned political scientists.

The next paragraph is also not about her but about how political science in general has become more attracted to power over the years. The example Wolfe uses of this growing lust for power was not Jeane (whose career allegedly had not yet begun) but her husband, Evron, and his fictional brother, Lyman. We hear about Evron's association with the C.I.A., but no direct connection is made between this and Jeane. In fact, Jeane does not return to the article for still a number of additional sentences—at almost precisely the midway point of the piece. And even here we learn only that she was already a "cold-war liberal" in the 1960s and that this was some kind of a shift from an undefined previous position. At this point, the article takes a very curious turn. One of the main thrusts of the argument is that Jeane Kirkpatrick is such an opportunist that she cannot tolerate or recognize truth. Yet, Wolfe concedes that her shift of position was "no doubt . . . sincere"; thus, since it was only a good deal later that power in Washington shifted fully to the right, it would appear as though Washington joined Kirkpatrick rather than the other way around. This gives an impression opposite the one intended, that Jeane Kirkpatrick was a sincere and determined conservative on foreign policy and would never have achieved any power at all if the climate of opinion in Washington had not shifted in her direction.

That does not make Jeane Kirkpatrick right; it only makes Alan Wolfe wrong. If he wanted to go after Kirkpatrick to show that she is mean-spirited, dogmatic and reprehensible, then he should have done it directly and not through attacks on her family and other associates, attacks on their associations (since he does not argue that she herself was a C.I.A. front) and attacks upon motivations for which there is not and cannot be any evidence. This is the basis of my charge of McCarthyism of the left. McCarthyism as a concept refers to the methods of smear, innuendo and guilt by association. It was not his power that made these methods McCarthyism. It was the methods of McCarthyism that gave McCarthy his power. Essentially Wolfe is saying that it's all right for him to smear Kirkpatrick and it can't be called McCarthyism because he does not have the power to take her job away from her. It is McCarthyism to devote most of the article to things other than the issue itself. It is McCarthyish to lump all opposition into a single type and extreme of evil—such as suggesting that Operations and Policy Research Inc. was a complete C.I.A. front because it, knowingly or unknowingly, accepted C.I.A. subventions. It would have been McCarthyish to saddle Kirkpatrick with O.P.R. even if it and her husband had turned out to be totally enveloped in a C.I.A. conspiracy. It is McCarthyish to start one argument and then try to win it with another.

I too am unsympathetic with many of Jeane Kirkpatrick's foreign policy positions. I too am distrustful of all holders of power and favor keeping all power holders and all of their policy positions under constant scrutiny and criticism. And I would probably go even further than Wolfe in my misgivings about any scholar taking a powerful government office. We depart only on the question of what constitutes an honorable argument. As far as I am concerned it is not enough to retract a false statement. In this case that would merely free Evron Kirkpatrick from an undeserved and probably unwanted brother. I would not be satisfied until the entire article is retracted. Then the slate would be wiped clean for the kind of analysis of Jeane Kirkpatrick that Alan Wolfe might be uniquely capable of conducting.

Rejoinder: Wolfe

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Theodore Lowi's second letter finally makes clear to me what caused his anger in the first. Since the first letter was filled with so many charges, all but one thankfully passed over in his second, his disagreement with me is clarified. Now that I understand his point, I cannot believe that he made it, for what Lowi is saying is so naïve that I wonder how it can be said.

What, Lowi asks, is an honorable argument? Is it a valid technique of analysis or a McCarthyite smear to discuss the connections, friendships and relations of a person holding a responsible post in American politics to a covert and secret organization? He claims that this is guilt by association. I say it is common sense. Moreover, one of my reasons for claiming that it is common sense is what I have learned from reading Theodore Lowi.

In his *The End of Liberalism*, a book I admire enormously, Lowi argues that the political theory of liberalism—specifically, the notion that individuals pursuing their self-interest will automatically achieve the common good—is irrelevant to the operations of a mature capitalist political economy. I am shocked to learn that such a powerful critic of liberal ideology in the economic sphere can turn around and make vacuous claims about liberalism when discussing the academic world that exists inside that very same political economy.

Unlike corporations, which set prices and collude to undermine the liberal market, Lowi suggests that academics do not exist in a social milieu that is relevant to what they write. We are to believe that Jeane Kirkpatrick, or anyone else for that matter, including myself, is a lone thinker, not influenced by networks, connections, ambition, prestige. On the contrary, I would apply the same standards to the ideology of academic liberalism that Lowi applies to economic liberalism. In the real world of ideas, scholars are connected to other scholars and get together to push their notions onto others. It does matter who

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lives in Kirkpatrick's world; neither what she writes nor how she writes it can be understood without knowing of her relationship to the cold-war political science network exemplified by her husband, by her connections at Georgetown University and by her political ambitions.

"It was not his power that made these methods McCarthyism. It was the methods of McCarthyism that gave McCarthy his power." Nonsense. Many have tried McCarthy's methods; few have succeeded. Ask the victims of McCarthyism what it is. They will tell you that guilt by association is a problem only when someone has the power to impose punishment for determining guilt. To call what my article did "McCarthyite," as Norman Podhoretz also did in the April 1981 *Commentary*, is to wrench words out of context and to deny the reality of power. I can understand this coming from Podhoretz, for he would use any technique of rhetoric to further his politics; I cannot understand it coming from Lowi. When the left holds power in America, then a McCarthyism of the left, as he calls it, will become possible.

If Lowi wants to point out who my friends are, if he wants to show that my own work is closely connected to my political background, let him. If he wants to charge that among my close associates and relations are people with contacts to a secret organization, he is free to do so. He will not find much, for, unlike Kirkpatrick, I take truth seriously, and I would not connect myself, directly or indirectly, to a covert organization. Putting ideas and networks into context is not McCarthyism; punishing people for what they believe is McCarthyism. I am not trying to punish Jeane Kirkpatrick. I am trying to understand her, and to help others understand her as well.

Lowi thinks that I should have said more about Jeane Kirkpatrick's connections with the C.I.A. I think he is right. Jeane Kirkpatrick was an "intelligence research analyst" for the State Department in 1951-53, although this point has been deleted from recent editions of *Who's Who*. After that, she worked for the Human Resources Research Office of George Washington University, an organization begun by the U.S. Army. She was a consultant to her husband's C.I.A. front, Operations and Policy Research Inc. Her book, *The Strategy of Deception*, was subsidized by the United States Information Agency. Her staff at the United Nations includes former C.I.A. officers. The C.I.A., of course, is a secret organization, and there is undoubtedly more that exists between it and Kirkpatrick than we will ever know. But the record makes it as clear as can be that Jeane Kirkpatrick feels no conflict between academic ideals and serving power—which was the point of my article. (For more details on Kirkpatrick's C.I.A. connections, readers should turn to Doug Ireland's article in the April 8-14 issue of the *Soho News*.)

My decision to write about Kirkpatrick was based on the belief that a person who has spent a lifetime involved in distortion and secrecy would not be a model representative at the U.N. Already, Kirkpatrick has practiced as an ambassador what she preached as an academic. Her claim that she did not know that the South African with whom she was discussing the world was an intelligence officer was as truthful as her articles in *Commentary*. The U.N. is composed of people from all over the world who wanted some clues as to how the new American ambassador would act. Whose understanding of American academic life would have given them more clues: Lowi's sanitized liberal ideology or my emphasis on connections and contacts? The proof of my pudding was in Kirkpatrick's eating. A disinformation specialist in theory, she is a disinformation specialist in practice.

For her entire adult life, Kirkpatrick has been a politician. It is a quirk of American life that one can be a successful politician while remaining, until age 54, an academic. Jeane Kirkpatrick will poison the world of power as she poisoned the world of ideas. Both she and the academic world as a whole are better off now that she is doing what she always wanted to do. I will judge her as a policy maker based on the standards of making policy. I judged her as an academic on the same standard, for she long ago forfeited the right to be treated as a disinterested searcher after truth.

Asylum

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

claims that "the institution as a means of coping with the problems of specific sectors of our population seems at this point to have run its course. Whether one is aged, below par intellectually or emotionally, delinquent, alcoholic, or drug-addicted, the source—and the remedy—of the problem lies in the communities where such people come from." Alper, and those who share his views, offer an alternative vision of therapeutic communities, with diverse social support facilities and halfway homes, training institutions and rehabilitative residences, that would reach out to embrace the once shunned, excluded, shut-away and ostracized.

Critics of community care argue that it is absurd to see institutions, per se, as evil, though many were and still are. Many "clients," they say, require sophisticated care available only in a total, structured setting. They insist, moreover, that deinstitutionalization programs have so far been half-baked and careless. The elderly, the mentally ill or the incompetent, juvenile offenders—all have been "dumped" into communities that are suspicious, hostile and completely unprepared for them. The result, they say, has been chaos, as the following news items attest:

> Federal mental health planners envisioned the flowering of a network of support services to care for deinstitutionalized patients at the community level through the stimulus of Federal seed money. But 1,300 of the 2,000 community health centers projected for 1980 have failed to materialize and many that did have failed to service this chronically ill population. Deinstitutionalization, an ostensibly humane treatment program, has degenerated into a tragic crisis. Public scrutiny of the situation needs to begin now.
>
> —*The New York Times*, January 26, 1980

> Increasing numbers of patients discharged from mental institutions are entering nursing homes, an ironic result of the restructuring of health care financing and legislation to en-

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courage the removal of patients from mental institutions and to promote a continuum of health care services on the community level. . . . An NIMH (National Institute of Mental Health) workgroup report analyzes the problems that beset the delivery of mental health services in certified nursing homes and raises serious questions about the adequacy of care received by mentally ill patients, particularly the mentally ill elderly.

—*National Health Standards Clearinghouse Information Bulletin,* August 1980

De-institutionalized mental patients have so overwhelmed the new facilities at Boston's famous Pine Street Inn that admission of guests will be limited to homeless men and women with no other options. . . . While the problem is not new . . . the number of patients seeking shelter has increased so much . . . that "they are driving out the people we were established to serve." Testifying at a State House hearing last year, Kip Tiernan, founder of Rosie's Place, a 10-bed survival home for women . . . said that women mental patients were being discharged from state hospitals with "no more than a piece of paper in their hands giving out our address."

—*Boston Globe,* August 21, 1980

A brief history of how we have arrived at the current impasse is instructive. By the late eighteenth century the market relations of early capitalist society had already exerted a corrosive effect on traditional social relations, including kinship ties and communities. The reciprocal ties of the old feudal and land-based system, which dictated both dependence and aid between dominant and subordinate classes, had broken down. No longer could society rely upon this network to make provision, however inadequate, for those individuals within the community who were chronically ill, mentally incompetent, or infirm. As the numbers of dependent and "maladjusted" grew, the now fragmented traditional community could no longer cope. Social reformers hoped to solve the problem by creating institutions—workhouses, asylums, hospitals, reformatories and so on—to treat, succor, rehabilitate and punish. David Rothman, in his book *The Discovery of the Asylum*, has documented the headlong rush toward institutionalization in the America of the 1840s and 1850s. According to Rothman, "One can properly label the Jacksonian years the 'age of the asylum.' " He continues: "The asylum was to fulfill a dual purpose for its innovators. It would rehabilitate inmates and then, by virtue of its success, set an example of right action for the larger society. There was a utopian flavor to this first venture, one that looked to reform the deviant and dependent and to serve as a model for others. The well-ordered asylum would exemplify the proper principles of social organization and thus . . . insure the safety of the republic."

What went wrong? The supporters of deinstitutionalization attempt to answer that question by insisting that institutionalization per se is suspect, regardless of the quality of care, the staff-client ratio and all the rest. It is suspect, in their minds, because of its denial of individual freedom. This acute focus on "the individual," which was a prime concern of the 1960s counterculture, helped to spur widespread investigations and exposés of the abuses of total institutions. The image of the asylum as a place of refuge gave way to the image of the coercive institution that stripped individuals of their civil rights and forced them to undergo what the sociologist Erving Goffman called "rituals of degradation." They were drugged into passivity, the better to "manage" them. Some critics went so far as to deny altogether that humanitarian impulses created asylums in the first place.

Anything, these critics urged, would be better than "this." And patients, for the most part, agreed. Almost to a person, patients on the outside—those who are willing and able to convey their experiences—say that despite all the "hassles" and inadequate facilities on the "outside," they prefer this "least restrictive environment" to that most restrictive of all, the total institution. And, of course, one must agree that these patients' civil rights and liberties must have top priority in any evaluation of deinstitutionalization.

The problem with many "freedom of the patient" advocates, however, is their exclusive preoccupation with freedom *from* total control. They neglect any consideration of what freedom is *for*—what should be done to guarantee patients' employment, housing, education, therapy and decent lives. Despite this inadequate appreciation of what freedom means, there is no doubt that a genuine concern with civil and social rights has been, and remains an essential part of, the deinstitutionalization effort. Like the original advocates of institutionalization, supporters of community care also see themselves as humanitarians.

Unfortunately, the authentic humanitarian impulse behind deinstitutionalization was soon tainted by a concern with reducing expenditures for the care and support of clients. State and local governments faced with severe fiscal crises were tempted to clear out the wards of state institu-

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tions. Their already enormous labor expenditures had burgeoned with the unionization of state employees, which "virtually doubled unit costs," according to sociologist P.R. Dingman. Court decisions that forbade the use of unpaid patient labor and set minimal standards for treatment necessitated additional expenditures. Dingman claims: "Rising costs more than any other factor have made it obvious that support of state hospitals is politically unfeasible . . . that is the principal factor behind the present push to get rid of state hospitals."

Humanitarian arguments for deinstitutionalization are caricatured if they are seen as mere cover for economizing. Nonetheless, advocates of care in the community—at least in the state bureaucracies working toward dismantling institutional systems—have been forced by economic logic into a compromise position that threatens to overshadow humane considerations. Fiscal logic won the day in California's big push to deinstitutionalize while Ronald Reagan was governor, as it did during New York's disastrous early experiences under Nelson Rockefeller. The Massachusetts effort has been more complex. The state has made a serious, though wholly inadequate, attempt to create actual community support facilities. But that fiscal logic has begun to seem inexorable; as it gains wider adherence, the movement toward deinstitutionalization gains a blind momentum, like a locomotive out of control. The idea is irresistible: "Be a good guy and save money!" Recently the Massachusetts chief of Human Services, Charles Mahoney, inadvertently expressed the duality of motives behind deinstitutionalization when he commented that the alternative treatment "saves money and allows some otherwise 'hopeless' patients to make progress."

Given the current condition of the American political economy, and the proliferation of taxpayer revolts, saving money becomes the overriding preoccupation, and the deinstitutionalized individual fades into the murky shadows of social concern. In the words of Andrew Scull, author of *Decarceration*:

> The promise of . . . cost savings largely explains the curious political alliance which has fostered and supported decarceration. Social policies which allegedly benefit the poorest and most desperate segments of the community do not ordinarily arouse particular enthusiasm among the so-called fiscal conservatives. The goal of returning mental patients to the community is clearly an exception, for in addition to the liberal adherents one might expect, it has attracted prominent, sometimes decisive support from their ranks.

And so the original critics of deinstitutionalization have been joined by those who have observed its effects—the plight of former clients and the pressures on communities where the deinstitutionalized have been "dumped" in large numbers. These critics claim that the result has been to "warehouse" people in smaller, less centralized institutions, rather than to free them. They stress the inadequacy of current community care and point out that the communities into which former patients are supposedly integrated are themselves deteriorating.

Finally, the current critics claim the massive effort to deinstitutionalize has put enormous pressure on the poorest urban neighborhoods and on lower-income sections in smaller towns and cities. Some neighborhoods, according to a report issued by the Health Planning Council for Greater Boston, dated September 18, 1980, have become "saturated with a disproportionate number of residences while wealthier and more politically astute communities have resisted the burgeoning of such services in their areas. Resentment seems rampant in both types of communities."

To be sure, much of this resentment is sheer prejudice and fear of the unknown. But the point here is that the less well off are once again paying the social costs of liberal reform. Deinstitutionalized clients are being ghettoized in poor neighborhoods while residents in middle- and upper-middle-income communities enact restrictive zoning ordinances in order to avoid assuming their share of the social burden. Social critics Julian and Eileen Wolpert have noted that "the growing ghettoization of the returning ex-patients along with other dependent groups in the population; the growing succession of inner-city land use to institutions providing services to the dependent and needy; . . . the forced immobility of the chronically disabled within deteriorated urban neighborhoods" have all been exacerbated by deinstitutionalization.

What, then, is to be done? Despite all the possible abuses and difficulties, by any reckoning of human rights and social good, adequate community care is the preferable route for most if not all in need of special treatment and attention. But this social logic must not be undermined by market imperatives. For the truth of the matter is that if deinstitutionalization is to work as it ought, we would need a complex system of social support services that would cost *more* than the present massive institutions, with their drugged-out populations.

For deinstitutionalization to work, the following social services, minimally, on all levels and in all communities, are necessary: day care, day treatment, education of the mentally retarded and other developmentally disabled individuals, family service programs providing parent counseling, housing for family visitations, transportation allowances, health education, medical and dental rehabilitation, psychiatric and psychological services, remedial schooling, vocational training, adoption services for hard-to-place children, after-care programs, aggressive preventive medicine, community-based group homes, community liaison workers, community residences, jobs for all—juveniles through the elderly—and so on. This sort of comprehensive system, because it would rely on the therapeutic power of human compassion, would represent a complex social challenge and a great social achievement.

It is clear that current deinstitutionalization efforts, even the best, come nowhere close to this vision. If it is true that one can judge a society by how it treats its most ill, vulnerable and dependent members, our society, and the political economy that spawned it, must be judged very harshly indeed by even minimal standards of decency and justice. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Joy of Real Estate

ALAN WOLFE

SUCCESSFUL REAL ESTATE INVESTING FOR THE SINGLE PERSON. *By Jack Cummings. Playboy Press. 365 pp. $13.95.*

THINK LIKE A TYCOON: Inflation Can Make You Rich Through Real Estate and Taxes. *By Bill (Tycoon) Greene. Harbor Publishing/Putnam. 253 pp. $10.95.*

MAKING INFLATION PAY: How Limited Funds in Gold, Silver, Coins, Stamps, Real Estate at the Right Time Can Win Big. *By Jonathon Hefferlin. Harbor Publishing/Putnam. 238 pp. $10.95.*

HOW TO BUY AND SELL A CONDOMINIUM. *By Robert G. Natelson, Esq., A.B., J.D. Simon & Schuster. 160 pp. $4.95.*

THE REAL ESTATE BOOK: A Complete Guide to Acquiring, Financing, and Investing in Home or Commercial Property. *By Robert L. Nessen. Little, Brown & Company. 272 pp. $12.95.*

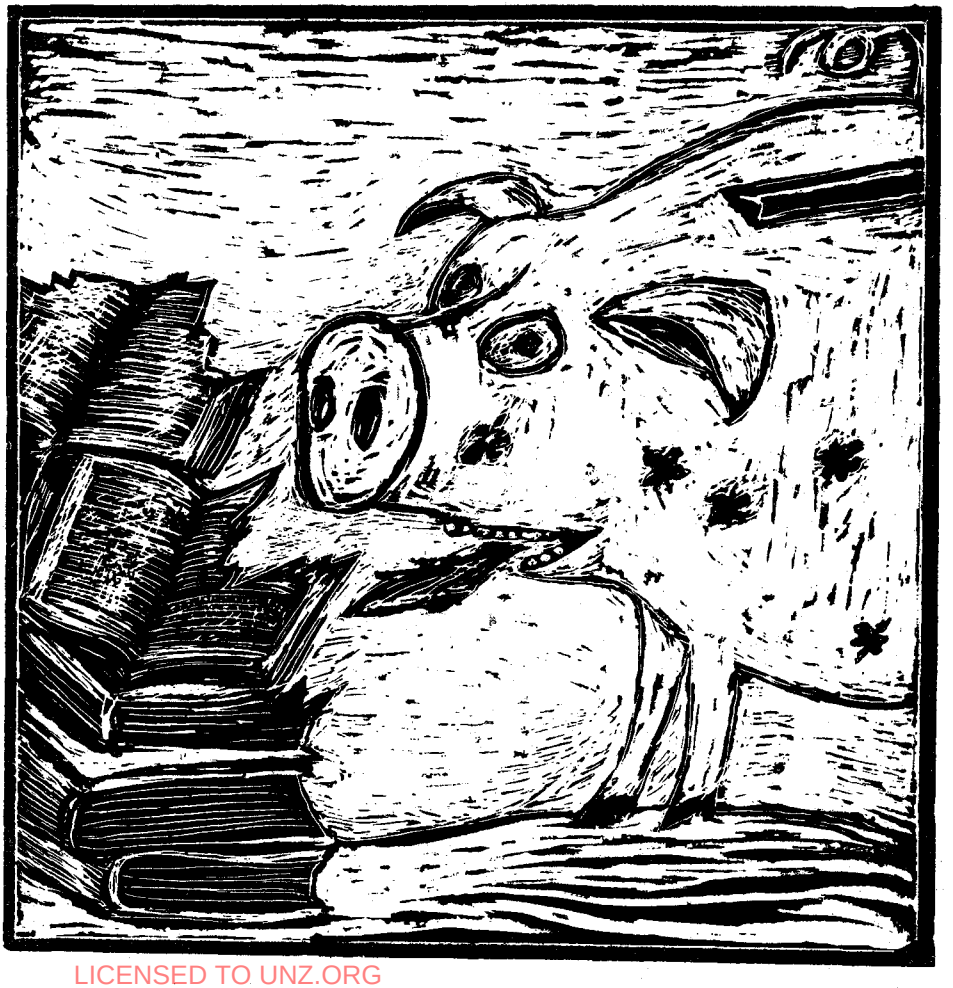
REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT FOR THE '80s: How to Build Financial Security in the Face of Inflation. *By Douglas M. Temple. Contemporary Books. 378 pp. $12.95.*

Since the days of Ben Franklin, getting and spending have involved both sexual and financial gain. Calvinism in theory may have established a relationship between pietistic propriety and financial reward, but in practice, as Franklin himself so copiously illustrated, there seemed to be nothing wrong with having a little fun while being economically virtuous. Nowadays, time—as all the books under review point out in one way or another—is itself a commodity, and those who waste it in frivolous pursuits will lose precious dollars.

I must confess a certain fondness for Ben Franklin, since he and I lived in the same city, and I went to graduate school at the university he founded. While attending elementary school all of us were required, as a matter of law I presume, to make weekly deposits—of course it did not matter how much, the regularity was the point—into the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society, an institution, as it happened, also the product of Ben's energy. Yearly each class elected a treasurer, and it was his or her job to make sure that we brought our deposits weekly. (I cannot remember if we were allowed to make withdrawals, but somehow I doubt it.) Every three months, we would be paid some mysterious bounty called interest, which, from our elementary school outlook on the world, seemed like free money.

The values inculcated by Franklin's world view ("A penny saved is a penny earned") would, if followed in the 1980s, reduce its adherent to penury so quickly that welfare would assuredly follow. If inflation continues for the next ten years at 12 percent, those who keep their funds in a savings bank that pays an interest rate of 5¼ percent will, without actually losing their money, make themselves poor. (Nonetheless, millions of people still keep their money in savings accounts.) Inflation, in other words, has changed the meaning of time in America, and since concepts of time undergird all ideologies, inflation has changed the meaning of what it means to be an American.

"Have you prepared for inflation?" Jonathon Hefferlin asks his readers. The way to prepare for it, he suggests, is first to forget everything you were told about saving money and investing in the future. "That is a work ethic of not too many years ago. It may have worked for your grandpa and mine, but I can surely tell you that it's not working today. Nor will it work tomorrow." The wise American, we are told, is the one who recognizes that inflation changes all the rules of economic expectation and performance. Once it may have been a good idea to hold on to cash. Now it is suicidal. Debt, formerly Bad, is suddenly Good. Overcommitment is a sign of success. As Bill (Tycoon) Greene succinctly puts it, "You don't really



Alan Wolfe is a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board.*

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want *Money*. You want *Things*" (his emphasis).

Ah, but what things. While one of our counselors is fond of gold and silver—the value of which have dropped precipitously in the months between the completion of his book and its publication—all the others are agreed. Real estate is the single best *Thing* that you can obtain for your *Money* (my emphasis). "Don't let inflation beat you—make it work for you." Such is the advice of Douglas Temple. "That's what real estate investors do. Inflation has always been one of their best friends." In an inflationary economy, all those who own land will tend to profit, and all those who do not will tend to lose. That, in one sentence, is the collective wisdom of five of these six books. All the rest is detail.

In one sense, there is nothing new about the American fixation on real estate. "Any person who neglects the present opportunity of hunting out good land," George Washington wrote in the 1760s, "will never again regain it." One does not need a Vidalian understanding of American history to note that Washington practiced what he preached. He kept his own agent in the Upper Ohio staking out claims. Washington, along with Jefferson, tried to keep the site of the nation's capital secret so that he could purchase large areas of it at compellingly low prices. When word leaked out anyway, Washington called together all the leading speculators and established a system under which all could benefit. No wonder they named the town after him. America was conceived in the spirit of real estate speculation and dedicated to the proposition that land could fetch an ever-rising rate of return. (I am indebted to Peter Wolf's forthcoming book *Land in America* for his encyclopedic treatment of these matters.)

American expansionism and land speculation were two sides of the same coin. All those treaties and purchases that one memorized in high school (the Gadsden Purchase, Seward's Folly, "Fifty-four forty or fight") were gigantic real estate deals. To know in advance where canals or railroads would be placed was to be rich overnight. Land fever was epidemic. When Dickens traveled here he was so stunned by the speculative urge that he went home and wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the greatest novel about real estate since *Wuthering Heights*. Scarlett O'Hara touched the nerves of millions when she stood on Tara's soil and knew, somehow, that it would all work out.

Nonetheless, there is something distinct about the current real estate mania and the traditional American love of a good deal. Then, land was plentiful; there was always more to buy and sell. Now, land is scarce; hence the high price it commands. As a result, the real estate frenzy of the present period involves not only land but also space (air rights over buildings, co-op apartments), paper (mortgages, exclusive rights) and history (preservation districts, building restrictions). With the exception of periods like the Greenback Era or the Florida land boom, money in America tends to be tight and land plentiful. Now, less land is available, while the money supply is increasing. Hence the peculiar features of the current craze.

The real estate boom that we have been witnessing is somewhat artificial, for its cause lies not in the supply of, and the demand for, the commodity itself but in two particular products of the way we do business: inflation and the tax deduction for interest payments. Housing prices have kept up with the inflationary spiral of the past decade, and in some cases, notably California, they have surpassed it, making the ownership of a home the best defense against inflation for the average middle-class

SUDDENLY, A BALLAD

It could be true that once again it has dawned
like an aroma, like dread, like a stranger
who is not sure of the street or the house.
It could be true, this late, and even later,
that life is splitting open,
something takes life in the depths of what was
ash,
and the glass trembles with the new wine,
which falls and sets it on fire. Oh, that could be
the same as it was, a way without signposts,
and the stars burning with the freshness
of jasmines between you and the night—
something that restores joy,
brutally rejected,
and that declares, with no one to overhear,
that it will not wear out. A flag goes up
once again on the burned towers.
Love, love, sudden and threatening,
quick, confused—memory
shivers, and the silver ship
arrives,
the early-morning landing.
Snow and foam cover the banks,
a vast cry goes out toward the islands,
and through the wounded doorway to the ocean
comes my love, trailing lilies,
ready to depart. Look at her hair—
twin tumblings of pure coal,
black wings of swallows,
two heavy wreaths of triumph.
And she, as in the ceremony of betrothal,
waits, crowned by the sea,
in the imaginary harbor.

Pablo Neruda

(Translated from the Spanish by Alastair Reid)

This poem will be included in Isla Negra: A Notebook, *to be published this summer by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Pablo Neruda, the Chilean Nobel Laureate, composed it just over ten years before his death in 1973.*

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American. In an inflationary economy, cause and effect reverse. Once a hedge against inflation, real estate speculation becomes one of its prime causes. Thirty-year mortgages at 16 percent tie up money for a generation at high rates, although—who knows?—we may look back on less than 20 percent mortgages as the Golden Age before the deluge.

Without the tax system, as every one of these books says more than once, real estate would not be the good deal that it is. Each author, discussing either his own experience or making up cases involving people named Chuck and Tabitha (preppies, evidently), proves conclusively that What You Can Afford is not the same as What You Think You Can Afford. Robert Nessen relates, like the biblical parable of the talents, the tragedy of his brother who faced a choice between a rental that would cost $330 per month and a purchase in which his monthly costs would amount to $428.42. In the real world, the latter figure seems higher, and poor brother Nessen, a victim of reality over illusion, opted not to buy. If he had only followed Robert's advice. For when the tax deduction is factored in, the higher price becomes, ipso facto, the lower. Last spring, when interest rates hit 20 percent, one New York broker advertised co-ops in such a way as to prove that even with high rates, the "real cost" would come out lower than a rental.

There was a time when, for the middle-class American, owning a home was a stage in the life cycle as certain as a mid-life crisis. The Home came soon after Marriage and just before Family. Starting out in a cozy apartment somewhere in the outskirts of the city, the new marriage would progress upward as salary, expectations and family size increased in exact harmony. Thus the rental period was a kind of test before the real family began. One saved in order to meet the down payment, and forking over that sum was a *rite de passage*, an expression of one's acceptance into maturity. The down payment, in a word, was the genuine act of consummation. Not owning a home was as certain a sign of stigma as being gay or an economic failure—those who could not make the down payment could not Make It, either as potent reproducers or as potent money makers.

None of this is true any more, if these books are to be believed. What we have here is the revisionist theory of real estate, and it resolves itself into two radical propositions. The first is that you do not have to be married to own property. The second is that you do not have to have any money.

Jack Cummings's book is for the single person—though, to hedge his bets, he asterisks "everyone else" as well. A book like this was inconceivable twenty years ago. A home is not a Home. It is a way to make your fortune. Once thought of that way, single people can participate in the real estate boom. Indeed, as Cummings points out, they are actually the most favorably placed to take advantage of it. Cummings's view of the world is that of a global East Side singles' bar, only instead of trying to pick each other up, the occupants are jockeying for the best deal. Even single women, Cummings tells us, can participate, so long as they are willing to use feminine wiles to strike a better bargain against male weakness. "It is a fact that a prime strategy for coping that nearly all females internalize at an early age is manipulation of others—especially male others—through seductiveness." Like the current TV ad for Harvey's Bristol Cream, which informs us that it is now proper for a woman to seduce a man, Cummings lets us know that women are as capable of buying property as men.

I found Cummings's book, published appropriately enough by Playboy Press, the most interesting of the lot, if only because it is the most explicit. Noting right at the start that real estate is more pleasurable than sex, the author then becomes the Alex Comfort of the new fad. This is a guidebook to the illicit, a set of rules about how to procreate and multiply in a world of ever-changing real estate transactions. Everything you always wanted to know about the wrap-around mortgage but were afraid to ask—you can find it all here. I have only two complaints. One is that Cummings is hoist with the petard of his own Victorianism. How can one write a book about real estate and the single person and not mention homosexuality, when in at least two cities (San Francisco and New York) gentrification and gay consciousness have proceeded together? The second is that there are no pictures.

Since ownership of real estate has been divorced from the life cycle, the condominium plays a substantial role in the present trend. "Condos," Robert G. Natelson, Esq., A.B., J.D., tells us,

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"are everywhere. They are here to stay. Directly or indirectly, they are becoming a part of everyone's life. Yours too." Nothing testifies to both the artificiality and the brilliance of the real estate craze better than the condo. Since part of the life cycle is selling the house after the children have grown up, and moving back into an apartment—thou beginneth in an Apartment and unto an Apartment thou shalt return—the condo enables retired people to preserve their tax blessings into their dotage. (Thirty-year mortgages granted people in their 70s are not uncommon in Florida.) In the cities, where condo conversion is the landlord's answer to rent control, that first apartment before the home is bought tends to come with a mortgage these days. Long after the last suburban development has fallen to $5-a-gallon gasoline, condo conversion in the inner cities will be booming right along.

Not only is singlehood no longer a barrier to homeownership, neither is being unable to make the down payment. Just as sex manuals told the ugly that they could be popular, these books tell the money-strapped they can buy and sell nonetheless. Jonathon Hefferlin began with only $950. (His father was the director of the international banking division of the single largest bank in America, but the reader is not supposed to consider that.) Tycoon Greene tells you to make offers in which you would put no money down. Cummings offers twenty-six methods to buy real estate with little or no cash. All the authors discuss a magic elixir called "leverage"—using a little bit of money to obtain a lot. Real estate wheeling and dealing is not for the shy; you've got to be willing to spend other people's money.

For the victims of the puritanical 1950s, sex books had two purposes. One was to lift inhibitions—to inform the reader that sex could be fun. The other was then to illustrate how to do it. Having substantiated the claim that lack of money need not be an inhibition to owning property, these books next turn to the question of technique, generally called "creative financing." "Use a blanket when you cannot pyramid," says one of our experts. He is not talking about some fantastic new way to achieve orgasm. A blanket, it turns out, is a mortgage that has more than one piece of property as its security. To pyramid is to purchase a new property by taking out a second mortgage on an older one. The advice, then, is to use your old property as security for a loan on a new one when a second mortgage is unavailable. This is one of the least complicated examples. Some of the more arcane questions of technique leave this reader feeling as inadequate as did some of the more imaginative how-to sex books.

The lesson hawked here is that a tycoon exists in every one of us, struggling to come out. Our authors are there to help us discover the right way to liberate our latent pecuniary instincts. The paradox of this situation is not hard to discover. Why should *they* offer to help *us*? Since it is an inherent part of the world view of all these writers that the pursuit of self-interest will lubricate the common good—"Real estate is the last bastion of capitalism and free enterprise," says Tycoon Greene—the authors of these books are violating their own maxims if they give advice for free. But they do not give advice for free. Their books cost money. What are we to think, consequently, of those who buy them? They must be suckers, twice over. For not only are they putting themselves into the hands of hucksters but they are paying for the privilege. In short, willingness to buy one of these books is proof positive that one does not have a tycoon within struggling to emerge. I would not buy property from any of these men, for the simple reason that, as they proudly proclaim, they are out to get the most they can. For the same reason, I would not buy their books, either.

Publishers, as they are wont to do, have latched onto the real estate fad just as it has peaked. These books are all out at a time when high interest rates have weakened the real estate market.

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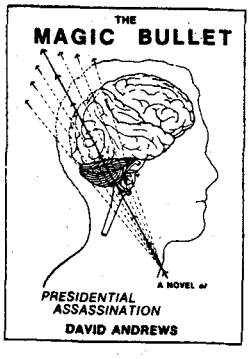

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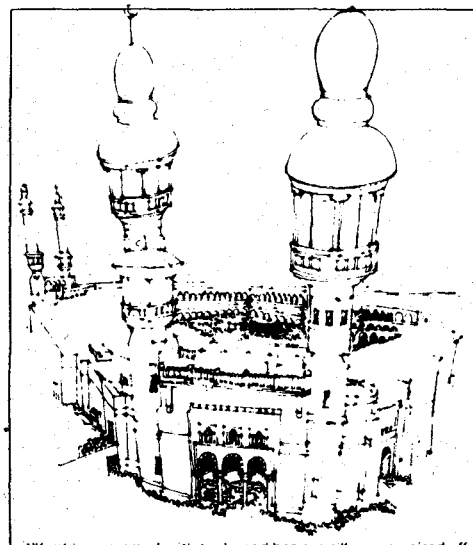

Warships crammed with tanks and heavy artillery are poised off the Persian Gulf, ready to "marry up" with Marine brigades trained in the California desert. In Washington, the CIA predicts the downfall of the Saudi regime, while the Pentagon prepares to prop it up. Military specialists are dispatched to Egypt, Saudi Arabia and Oman. President Reagan calls for a "ground presence" of US troops and praises Israel's "combat-ready and combat-experienced military" as a "strategic asset."

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Whether buying and selling resumes depends on whether the supply-siders or the monetarists prevail at the Federal Reserve when Mr. Volcker steps down. Bankers being the only social group in America more selfish than real estate brokers, the chances of the former happening should not appeal to the betting person.

In its ever-quickening decline, the United States veers from one scam to another, all of them promising a quick fix to problems that need intelligence and forethought. If real estate does not overcome the present economic crisis, something else will. The real tycoon is not the person who gets into a market already in decline but the man or woman who sees the mania around the corner before everyone else. Pro wrestling? Child-selling? Supplying mercenaries? The opportunities for huge profits are enormous. And where they are, can publishers be far behind? □

Other Words for 'You and Me'

SEYMOUR KRIM

HOMOSEXUALITY AND AMERICAN PSYCHIATRY: The Politics of Diagnosis. *By Ronald Bayer. Basic Books. 216 pp. $12.95.*

ON THE LINE: New Gay Fiction. *Edited by Ian Young. The Crossing Press (Trumansburg, New York 14886). 208 pp. Paper $5.95.*

"It can all be put into the language," wrote our old disreputable teacher Ezra Pound, and the key word in the titles of these two first-rate books certainly bears this out. "Homosexuality" is as formal as a frock coat; "Gay" is as frisky as a jump suit. The two words coexist right now for the same phenomenon, but they summon up different worlds, different styles, in fact different human beings. You and I might be as miserable and self-conscious as Jews under Hitler in parading the tag of "homosexual" through the world, just as we might feel an existential transformation if we were thought of as "gay."

Indeed, it was words such as "pathological" and "social maladjustment" and "inversion" that led to the tremendous fight in the American Psychiatric Association in the early 1970s, which resulted in the removal of homosexuality from the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Psychiatric Disorders*—the U.S. head doctors' official canon. It is the background to this warfare that makes up the fascinating substance of Ronald Bayer's book. And, equivalently, it is words like "cock" and "ass cheeks" and "fluff" and "tit clamps" that help set the tone of *On the Line*, an anthology of new gay fiction that shows us the real world of flesh and feeling over which the psychiatrists fought so bitterly. You might say that Bayer and Young are Mr. Outside and Mr. Inside in dealing with this large new territory that was once excluded from our hoity-toity notions of what constituted a "norm," and we can learn from both in very different ways.

Bayer's job in his tight, extraordinarily packed bullet of a book is a particular one: to tell us what was at stake when the A.P.A. erased homosexuality from its list of mental diseases in 1973. It should come as no surprise that orthodox psychiatry, "committed to anti-homosexual values rooted in the Judeo-Christian past," traditionally looked upon homosexuality as a serious illness. The only "cure" was, in effect, to try and unkink the kinky, to morally and psychologically persuade a patient that he or she had to make it with a member of the famous opposite sex or live a furtive, self-accusing, totally rotten life as a social outcast. Sigmund Freud was one of the few pioneers to undertake the study of human sexuality who balked at labeling homosexuals "degenerates"—once a respectable scientific term! But even Freud, as well as his followers in this country right up through the 1960s, never had the slightest doubt "that heterosexuality represented the normal end of psychosexual development."

With the advent of the mid-1960s—and I am setting the stage just as Bayer does, compressing what he tells us—homophiles drew strength from the civil rights and feminist movements, and began to see themselves as an oppressed minority. As Bayer puts it: "Homosexuals, like women, began to challenge the dominant standards of sexuality. Sexism was thus perceived as the ideological reflection of the power of male heterosexuals incapable of acking the erotic desires of women homosexuals." And which group was viewed as the most subtly bigoted of the male heteros, secure in a tradition laid down by Father Freud himself? Right. "American psychiatry," Bayer tells us, "emerged as a primary target."

It was this collision between the homosexual revolt against heterosexual domination and the hitherto "unassailable status of science, medicine in particular," that led to the really blistering battle to remove this "life style" (yet another conquest of language!) from the damning list of major psychiatric disorders. In 1973, the board of trustees of the A.P.A.—after the most agonizing sessions of negotiation, name-calling, breast-beating and the rest—finally pounded out the compromised words that would go into the official manual. "Sexual Orientation Disturbance: This category is for individuals whose sexual interests are directed towards people of the same sex who are either disturbed by, in conflict with, or wish to change their sexual orientation. This diagnostic category is distinguished from homosexuality, *which by itself does not constitute a psychiatric disorder*" (italics mine).

Bayer's book takes us behind the scenes of this uneasy linguistic victory in a way we have never been taken before. We even end up sympathizing as much with the beleaguered orthodox shrinks as with the psychiatric avant-garde, which was sometimes overwhelmed by the political aggressiveness of the Mattachine Society and the National Gay Task Force. "Is it possible," the author finally asks, "to determine, with the appropriate scientific methodology, whether homosexuality is a disease given in nature?" This is what the orthodoxy fought for, almost as if the principles of the scientific tradition itself were at issue.

Bayer's conclusion is that in the long run so-called "science" will have nothing to do with settling this matter, which has left the psychiatric community badly split. In his opinion, "the status of homosexuality is a political question." His book proves it on many levels. American back-room politics may have been snuffed out in the wards, but it has come back like a disenfranchised street flower to bloom in every psychiatrist's waiting room, affecting patients, shrinks and the very perception of reality itself. In the mean-

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time, the language of official heterosexual psychiatry has been pried open by the language of the hard-squeezed spirit, for which every queer (in every sense) layman can be grateful.

Good and hopeful as Bayer's book is, it's still something of a relief to get into the open, nonpolemical space of Ian Young's collection of gay male fiction, *On the Line*. The eighteen stories displayed here are uneven, to be sure, but they are relaxed, intimate, proving at bottom that "gay" is really another word for "you and me." These are mostly one-on-one stories; relationships are all. Perhaps it is even true that gay/homosexual men are more sensitive and articulate about close relationships than their straight counterparts. Either way, they have fewer inhibitions, if we are to judge by these stories—written by avowed gays, about avowed gays, even intended for a primarily gay audience, but ultimately speaking to everyone. Sex, love, anxiety and disappointment, all the secret hope and unease that accompany being an adult, are not restricted to whether you prefer boys or girls.

Even though some familiar names are at work here—Edmund White, William Burroughs and James Purdy, who has always been dynamite in the short form—the success of this collection depends on the steady truth-telling of all the lesser-known contributors. Four of them are English, and it is interesting to see how comparatively restrained they are in recounting mostly autobiographical tales about their burgeoning homosexuality. The Americans, of course, are much more casual and even gaudy. They take us from Hollywood to an artist's retreat not unlike the MacDowell Colony; they are much freer with words like "well-hung" and "pansy patrol" and "screwing service"; there is even the slightest bit of showing off now that a genuine gay literature has emerged in this country without any of the former punch-pulling that led to an unnatural formality.

On the Line is a very healthy book precisely because it expands our appreciation of a new dimension of normality—remember, it is now official! Apart from the everyday details of gay life, which should be of fresh interest to every open-minded person, what also emerges in the book is an indication of what can become in time a major contribution of gay writing in this country. Edmund White is quoted in the introduction as saying that he questions the existence of a "gay sensibility," yet one doesn't have to look far to recognize a certain penetrating, lighthearted, indeed fearless deflation of shibboleths coming from the now wide-open, ancient closet. I recognize the danger of generalizing in this easily stereotyped area, but a definite iconoclastic tradition seems to run at least from Oscar Wilde to Gore Vidal that has never truly been unleashed in America, except fitfully.

How funny and therapeutic such expression can be is illustrated by John Mitzel's three and a half page gem, "The Last Piece of Trade in America." The opening is irresistible and sets the tone for the rest:

> By that time, all America had gone fluffy. More than just a passing fad or fancy, effeminacy of the most outrageous sort had arrived, spread and stayed. Rooted in a successful political and ideological foundation, the merchandisers had made their logical move and completely transformed a once virile nation of taciturn, self-sacrificing pioneers and steel-tough workers into a giggling mass of disposable, squeezable and *cuddly* citizens. To be elected "First Lady" was now regarded as the highest honor in the land.

The story is a high treat that wields an unforgiving stinger of insight into present trends, a genuinely gay (cheerful!) version of *1984* zeroed in on America. Its charm and humor are backed up by deadly, unsentimental realism—a formidable blend.

That formidable blend lies in wait for us as "new gay fiction" becomes increasingly bold and puts its own brand of steel into our fluffy heads. □

WHEN GRANDFATHER DIED

I heard the crying and came closer.
Father was sitting in the half-filled bathtub.
He wasn't covering his face with his hands.
He was crying into the air.
Mother was washing him. She ran the soapy cloth
round and round on his chest.
After a while, he sat on the side of the tub
and she dried him.
Then he took the towel and put it over his face.

I walked out of the house certain I would not come back.
Downstairs a neighbor's daughter was tearing
leaves off a hedge. When we rubbed the leaves into our hands
our hands turned green. I put my green hands
on her face and wondered where I would go
now that I was never coming back.
I walked to the subway station
and for hours I watched the trains going east
to Coney Island. Then I went back.

When Mother told me
we were sitting in the car, just the two of us.
I must have climbed
out of the front seat because
I see myself sitting alone in the back
in the not quite dark. I have taken
my father's canvas hat from the floor
and put it on my head. Through its visor
the first green night is coming on.
A green woman is rocking a green carriage.
A green man sits and smokes on his green stoop.

Susan Mitchell

Susan Mitchell is a Hoyns Fellow in Poetry at the University of Virginia and a winner of the "Discovery—THE NATION, '79" Poetry Contest.

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THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

Woman of the Year

For several hundred years, acting on the stage has been a source of renown, potentially great renown. In a strange way this has been even more true for women than for men. For all the hectic fame that accrued to actors like David Garrick and Edmund Kean and later to Henry Irving and John Barrymore, and for all the éclat that has surrounded, say, Laurence Olivier in our own time, there is something even more extreme in the adulation that has been given to certain actresses. They have tended, even more than their male counterparts, to become institutions, creatures of almost mythic allure.

Hazlitt said of Sarah Siddons that "the enthusiasm she excited had something idolatrous about it; we can conceive of nothing grander. . . . She was not less than a goddess or prophetess inspired by the gods." Nearer our own time Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse were the recipients of as frenzied an acclaim. Among the stories told about them, my favorites include the visit of Duse to St. Petersburg in 1901, when the streets leading to the theater were strewn with rose petals, and the occasion when an enterprising promoter persuaded Bernhardt to be photographed with a beached whale in Boston Harbor and advertised the picture as "the phenomenon of France visits the phenomenon of the sea."

"Phenomenon" is clearly the right word for performers like these, who were undoubtedly greatly talented but whose fame transcended their gifts and often operated independently of their histrionic prowess. (Since the advent of movies, fame has had little coherence with talent; Brigitte Bardot once faced matters squarely: "I am not an actress, I am a phenomenon.") So famous were actresses like Duse and Bernhardt that they could afford to act indifferently or even badly from time to time, and only an unseduced eye could tell the difference. Bernard Shaw was one such scrutinizer; once, when Duse gave a lackluster performance in London, he wrote that she had "offered her reputation instead of art" and that he "wished to inform her that we do not accept reputations, we give them."

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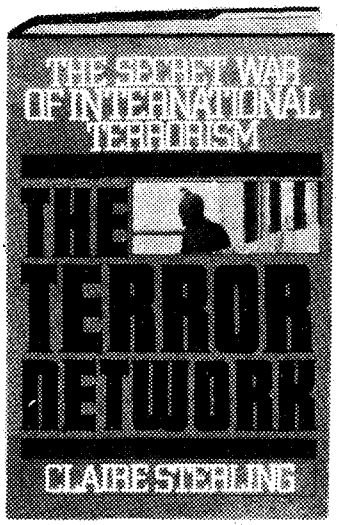

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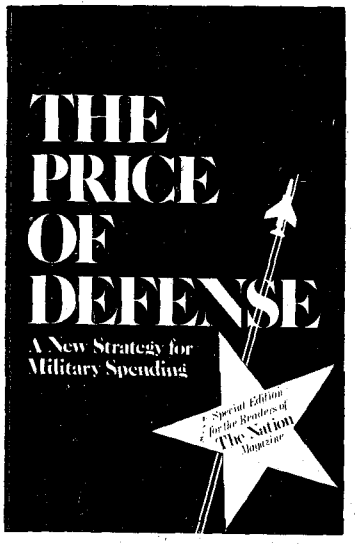

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that in his time reputation in the theater had to be earned by true gifts, and that however uncritically the theatergoing public might accept the glamorous presence, there were *critics* like himself prepared to call such a being to account. I think that in our own period this situation no longer obtains; there is very little difference now between the response of audiences and reviewers to certain stars, certain *names*. Both groups are caught up in a largely unconscious conspiracy simply not to see what they are, physically, seeing: the emperor's—or in the case of Lauren Bacall, a model of what I'm talking about—the empress's new clothes.

Bacall, whose fame derived originally from the screen and from her connection with a legend of the screen, has been universally praised, "apotheosized" would be a more accurate word, for her performance in a woebegone musical called *Woman of the Year*. That it really is woebegone, or at any rate that it suffers from some large deficiencies, has been acknowledged by some of the reviewers. But they only reinforce my point: to a man they have gone into raptures about Bacall, crediting her with rescuing the show by her wide talents, her "professionalism" and, key word in the vocabulary of sycophancy and noncriticism, her "charisma." The truth is that she is a central element of the production's failure.

As everyone knows, *Woman of the Year* is an updated version of a 1942 movie, the title character's profession having been changed from ace reporter to co-hostess of a *Today*-like TV show. There isn't much one can say about what goes on narratively—a limp romance of a sort, a predictable conflict, a predictable split, a predictable reconciliation—but other musicals have survived such handicaps. It's what goes on visually and aurally that I want to talk about. The music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb are entirely undistinguished; the sets, by Tony Walton, are tacky; and the dances, by Ronald Melrose, are so haphazard and perfunctory as to make one suspect that at some point in the rehearsal process someone noticed that there weren't any dances at all, so a couple of them were rushed into being.

Bacall reigns over these dispirited activities in a cloud of charisma, which has the effect of blinding those susceptible to it—about seven-eighths of the audience on the night I attended—to the fact that she cannot act or sing or dance. She seems to be doing these things, but what she is really doing is giving off an *aura*, emanating a *star quality*; she is a living set of neon lights, a human dust jacket. Surrounded and protected by her myth, she doesn't so much perform as present herself, and this indeed is the source of the pained embarrassment some of us felt in watching her.

For one can see the strains of age in her face beneath the heavy makeup. And one can see the inelasticity of her body, not so much a matter of age as of a total lack of suppleness in the environment of the stage, an inability to command the space. When, in one of those generic numbers beloved of Broadway traditionalists, she is tossed around by the chorus boys, the "ageless" star offering herself for some vaguely erotic horseplay, you see the stiffness, the underlying joylessness of her work. But then she isn't asked to work; she's only asked to *lend* herself.

If I've seemed to put Bacall on a level with true actresses like Duse and Bernhardt, I haven't at all meant to. What I do mean is that Bacall at her best is like these women at their worst, that they at times, and she all the time, were or are exemplifications of audiences' apparently inexhaustible hunger to be taken in, to be ravished, by legend. Bacall naturally isn't the only or chief object of this sad appetite. Elizabeth Taylor is about to make her Broadway debut, and already the drums are beating. She has been raised, in advance, to the status of a great performer; charisma moves, a priori, to electrify the atmosphere. I'll keep an open mind, I trust; but also, on your behalf, open eyes. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Excalibur
Knightriders
Black and White Like Day and Night

When the Monty Pythons went on pilgrimage to the court of King Arthur, they were on a quest for laughs, and got fewer than they needed to make the trip profitable. Now, in *Excalibur*, John Boorman, on much the same journey, is dead serious, if not entirely sober, and moved me to incredulous laughter. It must be said for Boorman that he has the courage of his tomfoolery: he adopts Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* for his theme music, as though challenging us to call the film meretricious. But I would not be that severe; it is merely optimistic.

Excalibur assumes that an audience can be persuaded to suspend disbelief as readily as a child will believe in Santa Claus. Set some chaps to pursuing one another in a bit of Irish boscage that looks as though its mists might hide the Jabberwock and we will all be transported back beyond the dawn of England's history. Never mind that the contestants talk like players in a high school pageant, that their armor is patently forged from heavy gauge aluminum foil, that the Holy Grail, when finally it manifests itself, resembles a painting in the late religious manner of Salvador Dali, or that Arthur (Nigel Terry), having freed the sword from the rock—to the great surprise of family and neighbors gathered for an afternoon of jousting—grows in stature from callowness to fecklessness. None of these disillusions will matter if only one's will to believe is sufficiently strong. Unfortunately, it is not.

The ladies of the tale, Guinevere and Morgana (Cherie Lunghi and Helen Mirren), are rival hussies; the knights of the Round Table are largely indistinguishable. Nicol Williamson, as Merlin the Magician, is the only actor given enough of a role to make an impression, and he has been encouraged to shatter the illusion whenever it shows signs of taking hold. This he does by kidding the act, in much the style of Alastair Sim. *Excalibur* in no way suggests the dignity and beauty that time bestows on its heroes and heroines. The players were hired to perform hard physical labor while clad in uncomfortable garments and, being honest workmen, they earned their pay. Glamour was not specified in the contracts.

Boorman's trouble, aside from the ineptitudes of his text and his inability to excite the cast, is that he tries to inject some reassuring realism into the myth of Camelot. But an attempt to be matter-of-fact about such marvels as dragon's breath, the Lady of the Lake and sorcery makes nonsense of fantasy. It might be possible to reconstruct the voyages of Eric the Red or the campaigns of Alexander, but a large dinner

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party at the Round Table makes the mind boggle.

By coincidence, and handy for comparison, a second film that derives from the Arthur legends is now showing. It is George A. Romero's *Knightriders*, a somewhat dark comedy about a band of motorcycle stunt riders who, at various levels of conviction, fancy themselves reincarnations of the seekers of the Grail. They barnstorm from town to town, setting up a medieval fair, complete with stalls for food and curios, tents with banners, a royal throne, jugglers, clowns and heralds. And there they stage a tourney, with motorcycles as chargers, but conducted according to the laws of chivalry as set forth by their king (Ed Harris), a young man who takes knight-errantry very seriously indeed. There is a Merlin in the company, a Guinevere, a Lancelot, a black knight and divers members of the Round Table, and their roles and relationships—at some remove, allowing for the passage of centuries—are obedient to the myth. Merlin, for example, is the team doctor, a man proficient in the treatment of concussions, lacerations and fractures. But also on hand, such is Romero's enthusiasm for heroes and villains of whatever era, are Friar Tuck, some marauding Hell's Angels, an Indian brave with feathers in his hair and an obese small-town cop of evil countenance. Around the encampment strolls and lounges Middle America, stuffing itself with fast foods and laughing with glee as the bikes crash and the blood spurts.

It would be no trick to present a bill of particulars against *Knightriders*. It is corny and sentimental; it is too long and far too violent. Romero's heart is not as pure as are those of his characters; he cashes in on the present taste for mayhem. But that said, the film is blessed with originality, and its author/director has developed his invention at greater depth than its surface appearance of popular entertainment would imply. *Knightriders* is a romance, but one that comments on the bizarre lengths to which rootless young men and women will go these days in a quest for some faith to give style to their lives.

Bruno Ganz, who has been seen here previously in Rohmer's *Marquise of O*, Wender's *The American Friend*, Handke's *Left-Handed Woman*, Hauff's *Knife in the Head* and Herzog's *Nosferatu*, among others, is an actor with a somewhat forbidding presence who is particularly eloquent in situations of severe mental stress. In the current *Black and White Like Day and Night* (a redundantly uncommunicative title) he is again under that sort of pressure, but even he cannot sustain a foregone conclusion for almost two hours. After ten minutes with Wulfgang Petersen's psychological melodrama you know substantially, if not precisely, how it will end, and it is hardly worth the time to learn the details.

Thomas Rosenmund (Ganz) is a chess genius for whom chess is as dangerous as brandy to an alcoholic. After some alarming experiences in childhood, he is persuaded to renounce the game and he abstains for many years. Then, in his late 30s, he is encouraged by his employers to apply his mathematical and strategic skills to constructing a formidable electronic chess player. With great hoopla, the computer is pitted against the reigning chess master, an elegant Russian named Igor Koruga (Ljuba Tadic), who beats it with contemptuous ease. Morbidly distressed by what he sees as a humiliation, Rosenmund engages a chess theoretician, a man also nervously unfit to play the game, as a coach, and prepares himself to meet and defeat the Russian. And that, only too obviously, is the beginning of the end for Herr Rosenmund.

For some players, chess becomes a disease, and in that respect *Black and White* is as possible as it is predictable. But it is unlikely that the coach (René Deltgen) would attempt to save his pupil from disaster—after all, he has become Rosenmund's Svengali and is rejuvenated by the joy of playing chess through a puppet. Rosenmund's only other companion is his wife, and she is too cowed by him to do more than suffer the brutalities of his growing paranoia. However, he attains celebrity, and a good many people become aware that his conduct is growing increasingly eccentric. It is odd that no one in present-day Germany would propose that a psychiatrist be consulted. No one does because the scriptwriters, Jochen Wedegärtner and Karl Heinz Willschrei, had a job to do on Rosenmund and would tolerate no interference. If a specialist had been called in, he might have pointed out that it was not chess that laid the man low but an inability to tolerate defeat. He would have been dangerous in a poker game and lethal on a croquet lawn. □

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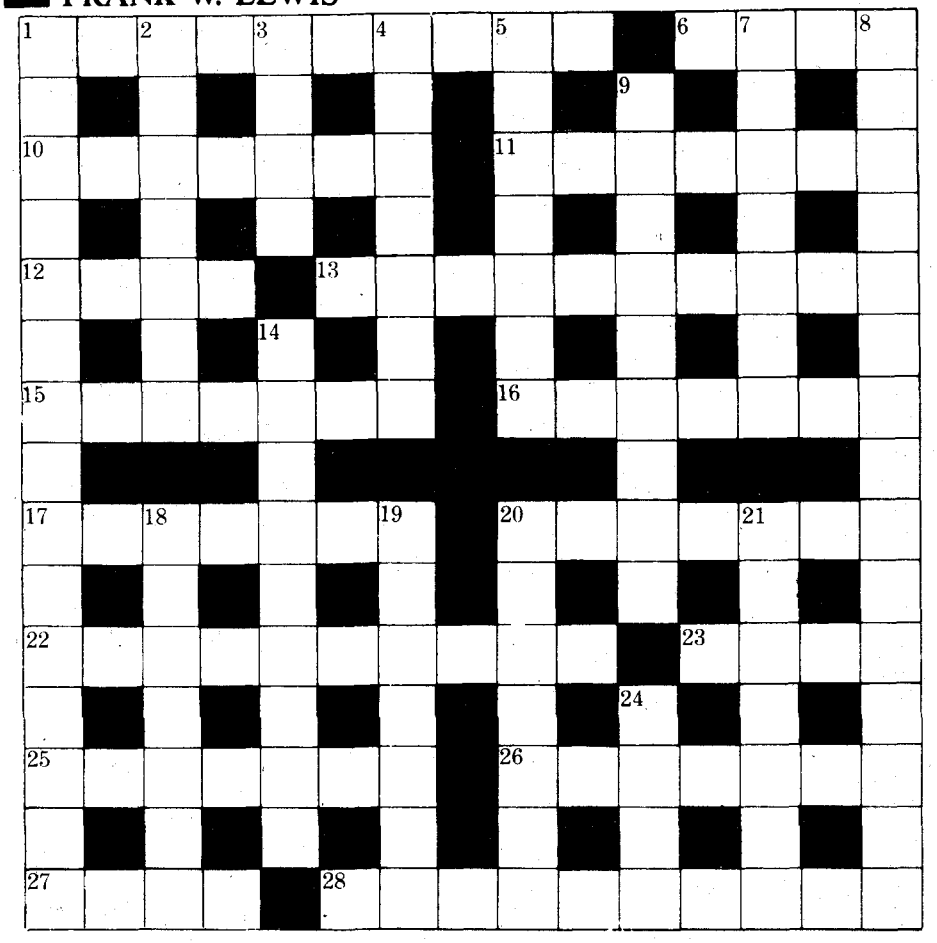

ACROSS

1 Where Patagonian shoemakers would have to work, finally. (2,4,4)
6 New York wine, or possibly Bordeaux. (4)
10 In a different guise, on the nature of fire. (7)
11 Mark, for example, the position in something close to beer. (7)
12 A little fall excursion? (4)
13 Not necessarily hilarious, but the lines are spoken. (5,5)
15 Duty expecter? (Was April a long time for the country?) (7)
16 A British economist is a king, for example, in a South American spot. (7)
17 But a girl shouldn't consider herself hired if she is! (7)
20 Ape-animal of a different kind? One doesn't necessarily follow Felix. (7)
22 It might be 33-1/3—people are always trying to lower it! (6,4)
23 Just water, as the poet says. (4)
25 Not the way to the "out" basket—you should not say "I don't know whether I'm coming or going" this way. (2,5)
26 Is what's in the bag more crushed during prohibition? (7)
27 Part of the thing is the essential part! (4)
28 Do critics baptise you with them? (10)

DOWN

1 Said to be a 14 thing—but one hasn't been taught much with it. (1,6,8)
2 Logically situated between flights. (7)
3 Do people make light of it, none being made so? (4)
4 Deals so made as to be roped in this way. (7)
5 Like a frightening figure in the field, only more so. (7)
7 A tour we made to last longer than most. (7)
8 What disappears when those like Zeus get up—here, as luck would have it? (3,3,2,3,4)
9 Heavens, they tell you what to do with it! (9)
14 No sugared substitute! Such things are bad for you! (9)
18 Such cars got wrecked with smaller vehicles—possibly racing. (2-5)
19 Shakes with fear when this red changes? (7)
20 Approach the favorite inside, as some contend. (7)
21 Is it sort of heroic about the capital of England, or just pip-pip? (7)
24 Something does in the reflux. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1867

W	A	S	H	I	N	G	M	A	C	H	I	N	E	■
O	■	H	■	N	■	U	■	L	■	A	■	E	■	I
R	A	I	L	W	A	Y	■	L	I	T	T	E	R	S
K	■	E	■	A	■	S	■	I	■	E	■	D	■	I
W	E	L	K	I	N	■	A	N	D	D	O	L	L	S
I	■	D	■	T	■	B	■	A	■	■	■	E	■	■
T	■	S	P	I	N	A	C	H	■	C	A	S	E	D
H	■	■	■	N	■	D	■	E	■	O	■	■	■	A
A	G	I	N	G	■	M	I	A	S	M	A	L	■	M
■	■	N	■	■	■	A	■	P	■	E	■	A	■	A
W	A	R	P	A	I	N	T	■	L	A	D	I	E	S
I	■	O	■	D	■	N	■	O	■	N	■	O	■	C
L	E	A	K	A	G	E	■	T	A	D	P	O	L	E
L	■	D	■	I	■	R	■	T	■	G	■	F	■	N
■	E	S	P	R	E	S	S	O	C	O	F	F	E	E

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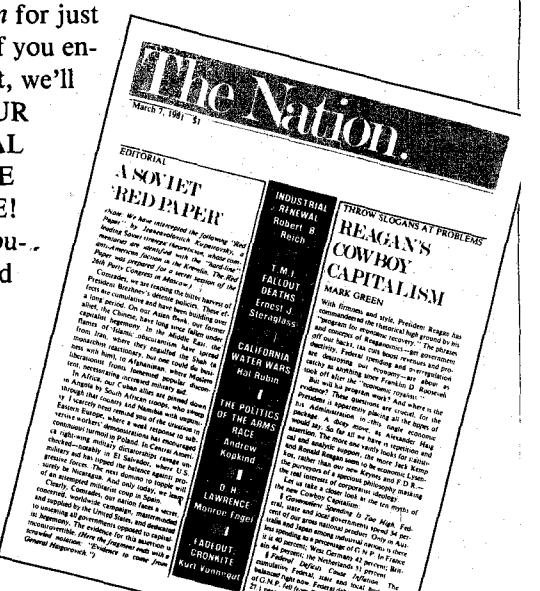

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